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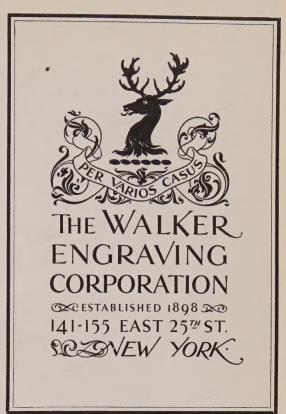
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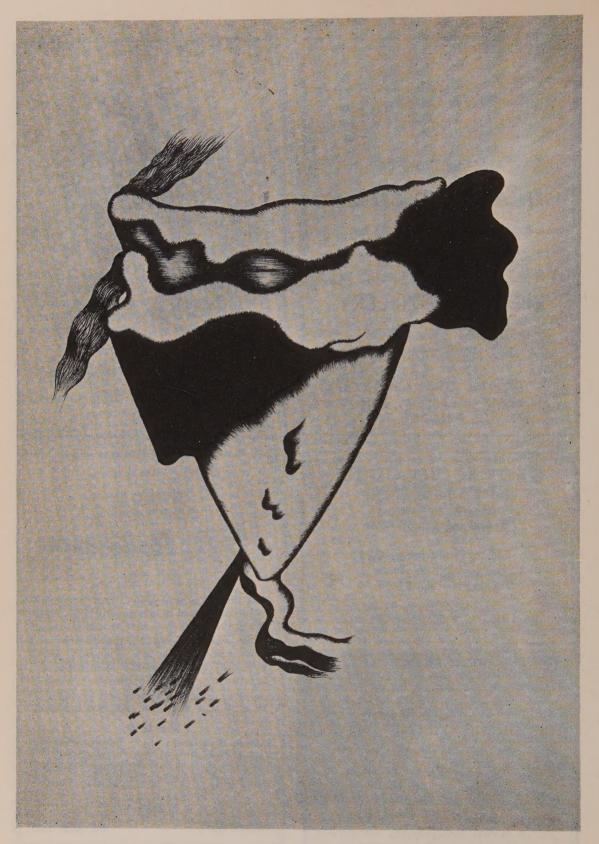
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## What Tanguy Veils and Reveals

### By ANDRE BRETON

"The Mothers!" Once more we experience the terror of Faust, we are hit as he was, by an electric shock, at the very sound of these syllables which conceal the powerful goddesses who elude time and space, "some seated, the others going and coming as it may chance." The Mothers: "they do not see you, for they see only those beings who are not yet born." Human thought dazzles and is blotted out by the contemplation of these divinities under whose auspices all that is possible tends continuously to be made manifest. We know that to penetrate to them we would have to be provided with a key of fire.

Painting, poetry, each in its own domain, will one day have to devote their resources to finding again the path which leads to the Mothers, to the deepest of profundities. It would not be difficult to show the support such a procedure finds in certain scientific theories of our time: psychoanalysis, which has revolutionized knowledge by clarifying the process of the unconscious investment of the I and of objects, gestalt theory which has revolutionized perception by subordinating the I and objects to their interconnections. But such theories would not know how to pass over to the treatment of the artistic and poetic creation of an epoch, since creation by its nature is wholly intuitive. Their relevance appears a posteriori and for criticism alone. There are two totally distinct methods of understanding a new way of feeling, which, as they say, is "in the air" of each epoch. But it is indeed a single river which flows from these two sources.

As a man leaps through the window of his eye, the first (still spinning towards himself) to have visually penetrated the realm of the Mothers is Yves Tanguy. Mothers, that is to say matrices and moulds in which not only did our oldest vertebrate ancestor, the astraspis, assure, with heartbreaking tardiness, his descent to us, but in which each thing may still be at once transformed into any other - Apuleius into an ass, the goat into a black cock, the children of a Breton legend into grass - simply by the magic wand of the Word. Until Tanguy, the object, whatever external shocks it had undergone, remained in the last analysis distinct, prisoner of its identity. With Tanguy we enter for the first time a world of total latency: "In any case, nothing of actual





"Chez Tanguy, under the same lichen you will find the monster, the drinking-glass and the shoe."



appearances," Rimbaud had promised. Here the elixir of life tends to gently pour off from each object whatever mists our passing individual existences cause it to accumulate, the sea ebbs far off disclosing as far as the eye can see sands on which crawl, stand erect, arch, sink and sometimes fly formations of an entirely new character, without any immediate equivalent in nature, and which, it must be pointed out, have not to this day yielded to any valid interpretation.

But first let us make short shrift of all equivocation and say clearly that we are with these beings not in the regions of abstraction but in the very heart of the concrete. What in fact distinguishes the position of Tanguy from that of the painters who preceded him is that in order to express life he commences not with the insensitive bark but with the heart of the tree, from where the rings of sapwood shoot out. Most often the affective life shows to the observer points of culmination and places of drift, struck by a certain light. The interior landscape changes

from moment to moment, it is composed not of simple, independent, easily recognized objects, but of imprints in which other imprints blend. We are behind the scenes of life, exactly where Gerard de Nerval takes us, where the faces of the past and of the future "coexist, like the various characters of a drama which has not yet been decided, but yet is complete in the mind of its author." It has indeed been Tanguy's function to make these wandering beings seen. His genius has been to make himself master of their spectrums, to - again we quote Nerval - "condense in their unsubstantial and intangible moulds certain pure elements of matter which suddenly reunite and become clear like the light atoms which whirl in a ray of the sun." To achieve this end Tanguy has calculated so completely - more than anyone else - on the poetic accident of color, that we could, I believe, decompose his light into nasturtium, mountain cock, poplar leaf, wellchain, quick sodium, slate, jelly-fish and cinnamon.



Photo Kertesz

LA STRUCTURE CHEZ TANGUY
"QU'EST-CE CA REPRESENTE?" ET
L'ON CHERCHE A RECONNAITRE
DISTINCTEMENTE UN SEUL ETRE, UNE
SEULE CHOSE. POURTANT, DANS UN
MIROIR APPROPRIE, UNE FEMME

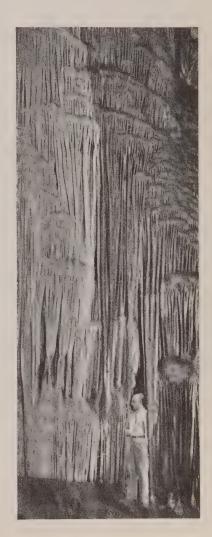


Photo Kertesz

On the other side of the horizon, whose rigorous lines are traced in all of his canvases - and in perfect accord with this arrangement Yves Tanguy refrains from making any statement concerning the ends he proposes to realize, reveals not one of his designs and is too disdainful to give the lie to those attributed to him - now on the slope not of art but of life and under a heavier sky, one washed less often by the dawns of long voyages, a low-roofed house swings between Brittany and one of the most mysterious sections of Paris. Lac-Ronan in the Finistere and the rue du Chateau (XIVth arrondissement). A rapid brook sings as if it carried pebbles along with it on its oblique route across the dining room right past the deep black fireplace by which somebody is flapping pancakes. In a corner of the room a little American bar hung exclusively with posters of a moving picture produced during the last war, "Mysteries of New York," etc. The stone walls, what silence, are some sixty centimeters in thickness. In the place of honor a found object of unique style: an anthropomorphic tabernacle in furs, with candlesticks for arms, buttoned with glass eyes.2 These glass eyes, there are thirteen if I count rightly, form a ladder for the eyes of the cats, which peer at you from the most unexpected places. The procession known as the Grande Tromenie, in head-dress of lace and velvet sleeves, turns three times around what here is called the "block," the faithful following step by step the path traced by Saint Ronan, their eyes fixed on the line of trembling hedge and without regard for mudholes, bramble, ditches. Abruptly it is swallowed up in the badly lighted staircase of the rue du Chateau, routed by the whistles of the "cops." Two paces from the symbolic blind man, there is a poster on the wall calling for women to work as bookbinders which makes one think of Huysmans, who-anything can happen — ran a bookbinder's workshop on this very street and described the habits of these workers so unforgettably in Les Soeurs Vatard. Again the silent house, the empty aquarium, "Don't let the children play with the lock" (all that remains of a suite) making ridiculous the luxurious wallpaper of the rooms. Memories: the night-laundress kneeling in her half-box of wood, it is absolutely necessary to silence her. Near Tanguy, in a posture of pure provocation, the irresistible Jacques Prévert, since then author of the films "It's in the Bag," and "Daybreak." Before a bottle of absinthe colored with her ink, in the heath, rue Cassette, the master of all of us, Alfred Jarry . A sailor out of Douarnenez, unable, after fishing, to hoist his anchor, dives into the waters and finds it grappled in the iron bars of a window of the city of Ys. In this sunken city, commanded by legend to be reborn, all the shops are still illuminated, the cloth merchants, continue to sell the same stuff to the same buyers.

Yves behind the bars of his blue eyes.

[Translated from the French by Lionel Abel]



Palette of the Artist

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>Reproduced in the Dictionnaire Abregé On Surréalisme, Galerie Beaux-Arts, 1938.



## Alone

## By Nicolas Calas

The House of Yves Tanguy
Where one enters at night only
With the hurricane lamp
Outside the transparent landscape

With the endless mane of the nautilus
With the desert's dazzling furniture
With the signs that lovers exchange
from afar
That's the house of Yves Tanguy.

André Breton

(translated by G.O.F. and E.L.T.M. in London Bulletin, July, 1940, and New Directions, 1940)

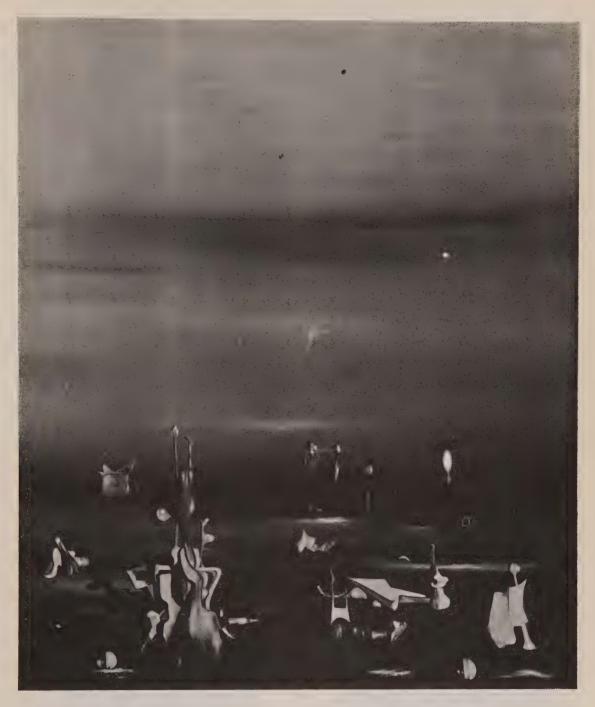
The great solitude -- some mistook it for malediction --- characteristic of a Rimbaud and a Lautréamont found its first pictorial expression in Chirico. While others were seeking to discover the means by which man would become sensitive to the erected landscapes of steel and concrete, Chirico, the anti-futurist and anti-cubist, identified man with a total refusal to accept all that leads to a compromise. Thus Chirico discovered solitude and became aware of everything that stayed alone or was abandoned, such as the past. In the world of scientific progress and rapid trains the Mediterranean civilization remained backward, its desire to imitate and rival industrially more favored areas of the world was sublimated in futurism; its solitude - a feeling so much more inspiring because it was not poisoned with envy-in Chirico. When contrasted to the life during the First World War and the mechanization of life and death, the world of Chirico appears more real, exactly as the poetry of Rimbaud is more real than the government of Napoleon III ever was. It is only natural that at the eve of the Second World War young painters and poets should be irresistibly attracted by the work of Yves Tanguy. Although he had produced pictures for more than a decade the importance of his message began to be more particularly felt only in the late 'thirties. Whatever may be the rational reasons for liking Tanguy, I am convinced that the unconscious ones, fear of death, disillusion provoked by ideological confusion, shattered hopes, force those who do not abandon the struggle to seek for strength in solitude.

The solitude of Tanguy differs from Chirico's, but it is significant that it should be a picture of Chirico that first inspired Tanguy to paint. Tanguy is not a Mediterranean and cannot be haunted by an abandoned civilization but the province he comes from, Brittany, is most conservative and backward; its inhabitants feel themselves isolated from the rest of France and are more easily drawn by the mysteries of the wide water than by the inland. The solitude of Tanguy is oceanic.

"He discovers lands beyond unknown seas. The objects that inhabit these strange plains are real, for they have weight and balance; they are alive because they grow; their color is natural and expresses their temperature, rarely hot, they are often warm. Their cold shadows are so mysterious because of the dissonance between them and the light on the horizon, but the effect of the contrast is convincing because Yves Tanguy is as sure of the reality of his vision as is the engineer of the existence of his machine or the musician of his symphony. The appalling silence of Tanguy's pictures creates a longing for sound. The colors of his sunsets suggest music and the changes of temperature are rhythmical. Often after awaking we remember what has been said in our dream without being able to recollect the sound of the voice. Tanguy's objects await music, instead of evoking sounds as do instruments of forgotten civilizations," I wrote recently in a note about Tanguy in an exhibition at the Matisse Gallery.

No one can enter "The House of Yves Tanguy" if he does not understand solitude. The contemporary artist's medium for expressing this sentiment is the shadow. This is natural, for since the expressionists made of light the predominant factor in painting the poète maudit lived among shadows. Surrealism has always stood for the powers of darkness, for the dream, the magical and malediction. The mirrors its visionaries look into are mirrors of darkness. The mirror, the shadow, reassure us of our existence (Chirico) of the existence of the land we behold (Tanguy) and of "the desert's dazzling furniture," to use André Breton's strong expression.

It is too soon to understand the full meaning of the forms Tanguy reveals. Perhaps the day is not far off when the nature of their reality will be as obvious as are the rocks in a landscape of Patinir, our reflection in the moon-lit water or the sound of our voice on a record. Poets, painters, must educate us to see new objects, new forms. The eye of Tanguy will never photograph a landscape, his vision full of memories and premonitions follows the magnetic pole (the real North Pole is for the camera). We must have the courage to cross the great Sea of Obscurity as the



TIME AND AGAIN (1942)

early navigators called the ocean whose wild waves echo on the coasts of Brittany. Tanguy is too precise for us to doubt his world exists. Precision is perhaps the greatest virtue of the artist, that is why Tanguy's images correspond directly to a given mood, and if the feeling they provoke is lasting this is because the objects he paints are not mechanically recollected but come into being while he paints. His forms are biomorphic, they lived before they ever grew to be what they are, and they will change because the light in the sky above them is so subtle that we feel darkness creeping in. I defy any critic to find a painter of the past or the present who has ever succeeded in painting dusk with more precision and greater understanding of light than does Tanguy. As to the shadows of his objects, they are often overemphasized because they rest on darkness and not on light. Tanguy remains always a painter of the world of the night and his solitude never becomes the solitude of escape; he lives in the dream that alone gives man the force to investigate all mysteries.

Tanguy no more escapes from life than does the savant who concentrates on the vision he beholds through lenses. In no other painter of our time can we feel so powerfully the tension underlying solitude. This is what makes the pictures of Tanguy so inspiring.

\* \* \*

By a coincidence these lines appear in the same number of View as my notes on liberty. Fight for freedom would defeat its own purpose if the militant did not accept the right to be alone as an integral part of the free man's attitude. Militant communities, such as the one formed by the monks of Mount Athos, have always recognized the right of certain of their members to live a totally different form of life, but nobody has ever doubted that hermits and monks leading a "communistic" life could not all be equally animated with the same spirit and pursue the same goal. It has been the strength of Surrealism, as a movement, to interpret in terms of its own ideals these two contradictory but complementary aspects of a militant attitude. The solitude of Tanguy is by no means incompatible with Surrealist solidarity. Solitude must not be confounded with immobility, an error Chirico did not succeed in avoiding. There are enough elements in the pictures of Tanguy to convince us that his conception of solitude is dynamic. I have already mentioned the musicality of his pictures. If we examine the development of form from a historical point of view we will discover a line of evolution from architecture through painting to music: in Surrealist painting we are able to trace movement, from Chirico's architectural forms, through Miro's plastic ones to Tanguy's tonalities. Yves Tanguy understands color in terms of light which is a rhythmical and therefore a musical conception of painting. When I look at a landscape of Tanguy, I sometimes remember Eric Satie. But the danger of a music of solitude is that it may lead to an escape from reality unless the artist discovers, as does Tanguy, how to use the weight of volumes as a counterpoint to movement.

Tanguy's certitude that the objects he paints should be exactly as they are and stand where they do are conclusive evidences of the great authenticity of his vision and, in the confusion of our time, his work becomes an important landmark on the road to conviction.



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EXTINCTION OF UNNECESSARY LIGHTS (1927)

Y.T.



THE SANDMAN (Surrealist Post Card)



YVES TANGUY (1942)

Photo by David Hare

### ICONOGRAPHER OF MELANCHOLY

### by James Johnson Sweeney

In Yves Tanguy we have Surrealism's iconographer of melancholy. Brittany, its skies and shore, probably supplied his basic repertory of forms. His sensibility to tone, to linear rhythms and to space relations, is the sinew of his expression. But the consistent communication of a dream-mood and the fertility of reticent suggestion he achieves through forms purged of practically every conventional symbol is Tanguy's individuality.

Ideographically, Tanguy employs a private or lost language. His forms are closer to those of the menhirs and dolmens of the Armoricain peninsula than to those of the world in which he paints. Yet they are frankly fantastic and imaginary. Unlike so many of his contemporaries the symbolism of his compositional elements seem to have little interest for Tanguy. He does not lean for his effect on a suggestion of specific ambiguous or incongruous associations. The mood produced by his work is a response to the manner in which he employs his pictorial means rather than to the subject-matter of his compositions. The dream-character and melancholy note are products of his color-handling and the disposition of compositional elements in the great lonely spaces of his canvases.

Thomas de Quincey in writing of his dreams,—that "power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness all sorts of phantoms," said: "I seemed every night to descend—not metaphorically, but literally to descend—into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I should ever reascend... The sense of space, and in the end the sense of

time, were both powerfully affected . . . Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable and self-repeating infinity. This disturbed me very much less than the vast expansion of time. Sometimes I seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience."

This is the world of Tanguy's painting. Yet the dream is ours as well as the artist's. He sets the stage and we dream onto it. For essentially Tanguy's art is an abstract art in the sense that his forms have been stripped of familiar individualizing resemblances to objects in the world of nature. He has retained, however, one vital factor: the fundamental logic of physical relation in the natural world. As a result we are as quickly struck by the convincing reality of his vision as by its strangeness. No technical tricks assert themselves unduly. The haunting emptiness of space and of far-horizons is effected by a subtle modulation of tones, rather than by evident perspective lines. The mood is set by the dominant grays, blues, and violets of the artist's palette. Suddenly the barrier between us and the picture melts and we find ourselves building our own interpretation of the stripped forms, colored only by the melancholy note which the painter had carried always with him from the bare landscapes of his youth.

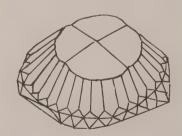
This is Tanguy's art: the production of a simple, but perfect vessel into which the imagination of the spectator can flow freely and share the creative pleasure of the artist himself.

## TANGUY

I remember Tanguy sleeping in the upper branches of a tree. I also see him grinding his teeth and trying to butt his way into the hotel at which we were staying in that sinister city of the provinces. I see him still again complaining that the despair which he had swallowed alive refused to die and tried desperately to escape. These images and many others have, in front of Tanguy, only the value of a grammatical instance: something like the most beautiful passages of a film cut by the censor and which, put end to end, are in spite of everything unable to restore to the spectator the atmosphere of the film, although they represent its most excessive and authentic moments. However, these images conjugated with his painting resulting from these moments - constitute a veritable hammer to irrational reflexes. And I ask a question à la cantonade:

- If Tanguy were a color?
- A voice replies: It would be a very brilliant, very fresh yellow.
- -If an animal?
- -- It would be a little giraffe.
- If a perfume?
- A fine eau-de-cologne.
- If a language?
- Danish.
- If a fruit?
- The wild plum.
- If an invention?
- The wheelbarrow.
- If a street in Paris?
- -- Rue d'Amsterdam.
- If a bird?
- The greenshank.
- If a drink?
- --- Muscatel.
- If a complex?
- The complex of self-accusation.
- If a place in the country?
- -- A village on the shore of Lake Annecy.

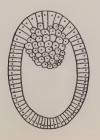
- If footwear?
- Sandals.
- If a means of locomotion?
- A sailboat.
- If a jewel?
- Erotic earrings.
- If a tool?
- A screwdriver.
- If a stage in human life?
- The eighteenth year.
- If an element?
- Air.
- -If a vegetable?
- Celery.
- If an architectural style?
- That of lacustrine habitations.
- If a precious stone?
- Aquamarine.
- If a shellfish?
- The Anatife.
- If a perversion?
- Sadism.
- If a pastry?
- A coffee-eclair.
- If an hour of the day?
- Four or five o'clock in the morning.
- If an exotic plant?
- The Mexican candle.
- If a machine?
- A flattening machine.
- If a fish?
- The cramp-fish.



## OR, THE GOOSE-BARNACLE TORPEDOES THE JIVAROS

## By Benjamin Peret

- If a toilet article?
- Hairbrush.
- If a way of lighting?
- Streetlamp.
- If a mythological animal?
- The unicorn.
- -If a poem?
- A poem from Calligrammes, "Arbre."
- If a sculptor?
- The first to sculpture wooden statues on Easter Island.
- -If a piece of furniture?
- A footstool.
- If a primitive people?
- The Jivaros.
- If a mental illness?
- Cyclothymia.
- -If game?
- Bird.
- If a method of torture?
- The water-drip.
- -If a writer?
- Maturin.
- If a monument in Paris?
- The genius of the Bastille.
- If a superstition?
- The superstition of spilt salt.
- If a religion?
- A form of fetichism requiring human sacrifice.
- -If a spice?
- --- Musk.





- If a caress?
- It would be to frame the face with the hands.
- -If a water plant?
- The sagittarius.
- If a dress?
- A draped dress of net.
- If a domestic animal?
- A jackass.
- If an extinct civilization?
- Mayan civilization.

Who cannot now see clearly outlined the silhouette of Yves Tanguy surrounded by a swarm of dragon-flies? Je vous attends, he says, speaking from the height of the great course, whence the thousands of Horus, colored like slices of sodium, escape. And your big feet will become little sticks for eating Chinese rice. But come quick and contemplate your future image before the whirlwinds of the waterspout have scattered in the platinum blond sky your hearts and livers whose buttercups already lick their chops.



THREE'S A CROWD (1932)

Tanguy

"With no previous experience, Princess Mignonette knelt in the sand and commenced to kindle a fire for their dinner. Close beside her stood the Knight, his armour scattered as if by bombs upon the sand. He spoke but before his words could make a sound they drifted off into the night air on the strings of his breath. They soared like kites but in fact they were floating hearts." — John B. L. Goodwin

Y.T.



PALAIS FROMONTONE (1930)
[Collection Art of This Century]



LES FILLES DES CONSEQUENCES (1937)



### BOOKS AND TEXTS ILLUSTRATED BY YVES TANGUY:

Benjamin Péret . . . Dormir, dormir dans les pierres Benjamin Péret . . . Trois cerises et une sardine Paul Eluard . . . La vie immediate Aragon . . . La grande gaieté Tristan Tzara . . . Poèmes Henri Pastoureau . . . Cri de la Méduse Jehan Mayoux . . . Trainoir Alice Paalen . . . A même la terre

#### PRIVATE COLLECTIONS:

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Abbott (N.Y.), Mr. Walter C. Arensberg (Hollywood), Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Barr, Jr. (N.Y.), André Breton (N.Y.), Hugh Chisholm, Jr. (Hollywood), Mr. Robert S. Ingersoll, Jr. (Philadelphia), Mrs. Leon Falk (Pittsburgh), Gordon Onslow-Ford (Mexico), Mrs. Leslie M. Maitland (Los Angeles), Mrs. Sadie May (Baltimore), Man Ray (Hollywood), Mr. and Mrs. James Thrall Soby (Farmington), Museum of Modern Art, Art of This Century, Wadsworth Atheneum (Hartford).

#### **EXHIBITIONS:**

1927 Galerie Surréaliste — Paris 1935 Hollywood 1936 1935 Galerie des Cahiers d'Art — Paris Julien Levy - New York 1936 1937 Palais des Beaux Arts — Bruxelles Galerie Bucher-Myrbor — Paris 1938 Guggenheim Jeune — London 1938 1939 Pierre Matisse - New York Arts Club — Chicago 1939 1939 Wadsworth Atheneum - Hartford San Francisco Museum of Art 1939



## BRETON - A DIALOGUE by harold rosenberg

"You do not believe; you only believe that you believe." Coleridge

PERSONS: The Host

Place: A comfortable room

Time: March, 1942

The Host: What do you think of the piece of Breton's that Lionel Abel is translating for View?

Rem: I've glanced at it, but haven't had a chance to read it carefully. He seems to be in favor of a new myth.

Hem: I agree. We need a new myth and a new communion. Without beliefs man cannot act. Shem: The desire for a new myth is reactionary. Society must be organized by science. Myths are an expression of ignorance; they belong to the time when man was mystified by Nature. Today our problems are social, and can be understood. Those who call for a new myth wish to conceal what is irrational in present social relations, and thus to preserve it.

Rem: A new life cannot be brought about by science alone, though it will depend upon science. It requires a primordial upheaval, a fundamental revolutionary rejection of the past, and is therefore a matter of feelings and objective conditions, as well as of knowledge. Yet I agree with Shem in opposing the myth.

Hem: The problem of renewing society is one of initiation. To step out of the self, to be ready to die, to feel the death of the past and of one's own ego as the basic fact, is to become part of something larger, of a totality. This totality can only be a myth. For it is not judged by its truth, but by its effectiveness in promoting revolutionary behavior.

Shem: We progress only to the extent that our beliefs contain the truth. If they are made up of primitive lies, their effects will be, sooner or later, something quite opposite to what we want. Voodooism, Catholicism, Fascism, are total beliefs which have aroused men to action. We don't accept them as liberators because they are not consistent with scientific judgment.

Hem: And the beliefs of your scientific judge? What odds and ends make up the sum of the so-called scientific mind! Newton left room for the Apocalypse by the side of his new theory of gravitation. No living man owns a totality of beliefs that are purely scientific. And what of modern science itself? Won't it be a fable in fifty years? Does not science assert that it is constantly changing? What it accepts today, in 1942, is bound to be a false superstition in 1990, no better than a belief in demons, also once "scientific" entities like the complex or the electron. Since science itself dooms all beliefs, even its own, to ultimate falsehood, it means nothing to say that Catholicism or Voodooism contain fantasies. What counts is their effect on behavior at this particular time, and the fantasies have much to do with that.

Shem: Science is opposed to absolutes. But it is precisely an absolute that you are calling for in a new myth.

Hem: Action is always absolute; while all explanations, whether formed in the laboratory or by the camp-fire, are merely symbols that lose their meaning when life turns elsewhere.

Rem: The fact that a scientific statement will be outworn in the future does not put it in the same class as superstitions and fairy tales. For it is part of the very development that will reject it. On the growing tree of knowledge, it is the blossom of yesterday's truth and seed of tomorrow's. A proposition of science, being a living instant in the continuum of understanding, contains its own future denial, and cannot therefore be called either true or false. But the beliefs of myth are dead, even when they are most powerful, for they represent the past.

Hem: All myths are alive so long as men believe in them. Out of them come new deeds, new realities, because the myth is creative. Science judges its own limited beliefs on the basis of their systematic aptness. The test of the larger human beliefs is their ability in any given period to liberate man, not some quibble of logic or formula of the laboratory. Our struggle is to find a liberating myth to oppose to the enslaving myth of the fascists and to the emptiness and petty insincerity of the liberals.

Rem: To be free, man must be free of all myths. Myths are themselves a symptom of enslavement. They are the minus-signs of reality. They are made from what is left over in man's brain because of his inability to give expression to it in the real world; this residue becomes endowed with an independent life, and in time controls its originator. Myths create nothing, except more myths — for they do not bring man power over Nature and his own relations. Always, so far, starved by the earth and pinned down by his rulers, man has kept himself stupefied by legends and heroes. The starving, the helplessness, and the dreaming are one connected thing. But now, grasping in our hands giant techniques, we see the possibility that all this can be brought to an end.

Hem: Techniques are nothing. Vision alone decides what use shall be made of techniques—even whether or not they are to be thrown away. There will be no new beginning without an initiation rite by which the individual passes into a brotherhood dedicated to remaking the world.

Rem: Initiation is a process of quitting the natural world and entering another. It leads to a brotherhood, but to a brotherhood opposed to life and to humanity. The initiate mounts into a cult, a circle of the elect. (Spare us from still another "élite"!) Never has there been an initiation rite by which one became simply a man. Not a Cherokee, not a Jew, not a Freemason, or a Stormtrooper, but just a human being. Why not? Because all the rites ever invented, and all the cults that have taken their oaths on them, have been opposed to mankind as such, have been reflections of discontent with human life, have condemned it, and have sought to detach themselves from it and rise over it through miracles.

Hem: It is impossible, through a rite or otherwise, for one to be simply human. To live is to act, and action is possible only when one has achieved the coherence and firm outlines of a fiction. The actor is always to some degree inhuman and unreal. For action is the meeting place of the physical, the illusory, and the possible. Once one has acted he can never return to himself. Something alien has become part of him; while in turn his image has become the property of the world. From now on he will be falsified; each institution of society will draw out his identity, like children playing with chewing gum, into a shape of its own. Thus a captain of a Roman cohort is enrolled in heaven as St. Sebastian because he suffered martyrdom by shooting. As if his whole life consisted of nothing but being pierced by arrows! What has happened to the child, the irreverent claims of the body, the jokes and trivialities. The halo, like the statue, consumes the man. The unique, hidden, sleeping seed of the ego is forever tossed into fixed constellations of unrealities armies, churches, law courts, political parties — where it becomes one with an endless succession of mimics. Science itself, the more it advances, moves farther and farther from reality, which it calls the Irrational, so that only in the "made-up" world of mathematics is a completely intelligible act possible. There is an eternal conflict between form and content, organic and structural, the man and the Hero.

Rem: There is nothing fundamental in the opposition between the unique being and the pattern. Thought and institutions have repelled the complete human personality because they have always represented classes and groups, rather than mankind as a whole. The Christian part of mankind sanctified the Christian part of St. Sebastian's life and cast aside the rest. Being but a fragment itself, the Church could do no more than convert the human Sebastian into a saintly morsel of a man. Conversions always hack up and mutilate. Yet he who has plucked out the right eye that offended him dreams that he is free and that his myth is superior to the actual world of struggle. But as society comes to represent all men, the forms of life will be humanized, just as literature and art have been humanized continually since the Renaissance.

Hem: It is because every discipline and law is necessarily harsh and fragmentary that man has surrounded them with the periphery of noble insinuations contained in the grand myths. Mercy versus the contract, the higher law against the lower, as in Antigone or The Merchant of Venice.

Rem: The so-called higher law has been merely a criticism, and an acceptance within bounds, of the laws that have governed the actual world. Through it poets and martyrs exposed, rather whimsically, the absurdities and inhumanity of the existing systems. But the essential relation between man and tyrannical forms can never be changed by the intervention of heaven. For heaven itself is a human institution, and as fragmentary as the rest.

Hem: The higher law is the symbol of that total myth by which all societies are held together. Paul Fauconnet, a follower of Durkheim, has this to say in his La Responsabilité: "The principal condition of the existence of a given society is the vitality of the system of beliefs that guarantees the solidarity of its members; not of any beliefs which can create an indeterminate social unity, but precisely of that system of beliefs which is proper to it and from which it derives its idiosyncracy. Any weakening of these beliefs is the beginning of a process of dissolution and death." What would happen if the anarchist's ideal prevailed and all myths disappeared, all heavens, all gods, all abstractions? Human society would fall apart into numberless disconnected cells, and life would be poorer, narrower, and more primitive than anything yet seen on earth.

Rem: No, for the solidarity of society is not caused by its myths - with all respect to Fauconnet. The system of beliefs itself rather reflects the unification brought about by material historical factors. When the forces that were to overthrow feudal France began to flow together, they borrowed heroes, ideals, even gestures and costumes from the Roman Republic, and quickly moulded a system from these bits and particles. The myth of the Nation is likewise the shadow of a cohesion already established in fact. On the other hand, once material dissolution sets in, the heresy hunts of the priests defending their myth are ineffectual to arrest it. If all myths are dissolved, unification will still continue, for it results from the needs of men. Except that, without myths, it will take place

in a natural way, and change will be welcomed when its moment has come.

Hem: Material interest is in itself powerless to produce unity of action. It creates only an abstract category that will not set men into motion together unless it is filled with a powerful subjective vision. There are nations that are still only potential nations, despite economics and need, because they lack the ideal solidarity Fauconnet mentions. The failure of Marxism to date has been due precisely to the inability of the Socialist parties to discover a myth that would mould the workers into a compact fighting brotherhood. Marxism needs an initiation ceremony that will seal the workers to

one another in life and in death.

Rem: The working class will realize its fraternity through the painful negation of myths, and of the myth-seeds, Church, Fatherland, Family. The workers need no myth for their communion, since they come together naturally in a single Mass-"I" tragically forged by history according to the same process that converts the individual and identifies him with a new higher being: everywhere the workers experience that cutting off of the positive flow of life from the old sources, that nearness of death, that revelation that the existing gods are shams, which make the surge of a spirit of communion and renewal inevitable. This initiation needs no rite; it needs an absence of rites. It needs only consciousness of the fact of solidarity, yes, of material, productive solidarity of interest, for the first time woven throughout the entire world.

Marx calls the victorious workers "barbarians," since they will have shed the last wisps of the

old culture. He declares that the social revolution cannot draw its poetry from the past but only

from the future, that it must strip off all superstition before it can begin with itself. Marx sees the working class cast ashore naked, like Odysseus on the island of the Phaeacians or Hamlet after his escape from the assassin. How is this denuded humanity possible? Why isn't some higher myth inescapable, as in the past, in order that the new-born may be re-named and placed among the stars? What has happened to the "necessary" contradictions between theory and practice, concept and being, institution and individual? The opposites and unrealities disappear because no one is to be enslaved. While one man anywhere is held in subjection, the institutions and beliefs that imprison him must keep that abstract, formal, inhuman element that splits and spoils the life of master and subject alike. But brotherhood in the "I" of the working class is open to all, and is able therefore to do away with the unreal in each. If nothing inhuman, then nothing unreal.

This real and human class — a "class," indeed, only by analogy — cannot help but put an end to classes and to "philosophy," thus freeing mankind both without and within. The ancient mystical slogan of freedom: Renounce and follow me — which means, rise above the world, above man, become pure spirit — now gives way to: Live, and develop yourself. Not through denying himself, but through a negation of the unreal, will the individual become part of a larger whole in this vast Epoch of Reality, that will truly leave all past life behind. Not through being replaced by some supernatural "I," a fiction that enslaves him, but through the solidarity of his natural self with all other selves will the individual become entirely unique and real, at the same time that he represents Man. Initiated into humanity, man will be converted to himself.

The prophet of this Epoch of Reality, which can already be foreseen by those who know how to read signs, will not follow the medicine men of the past in creating myths—images that unify societies only to disintegrate humanity into warring cults. He will not promote beliefs nor create fables. He will destroy these, using all the magical weapons of exorcism: naming, the evoking of "doubles," the pillory of farce, the bladder of mockery, the knife of analysis. Uplifted by his faith, he will persistently assault the dreams and lies of the mythmakers—until the true poem of solidarity arises out of the ruins of folklore and abstraction. . .

The Host (setting down a tray of Martinis): "Dreams and lies" — isn't that in the title of Picasso's series of Spanish Civil War drawings?

Rem: Picasso's Dreams and Lies of General Franco are a perfect cinema of exorcisms: human warts, banners carried on penises, frightful cavaliers with heads of decayed roots — while the Maid of Spain dissolves into the broken ground. It is impossible for Franco to survive such a revelation by his country's greatest artist.

Shem: Perhaps we touch the essential weakness of Marxism in its mixing of metaphysics and practical politics — a mixture which, in spite of its professed atheism, shows it to be religious and unscientific.

Hem: Rem has described a beautiful scientific dream—man initiated into humanity and converted to himself. It is like the midwife slapping the new-born baby's buttocks to wake it into crying.

Shem: What I mean is, the fallacy of Marxism lies in the religion it has made of atheism. Marx lived in a period of general expansion; people had little time for mythmaking, and the shattering of idols was a popular sport. Marx assumed that this skepticism would grow indefinitely. The workers especially, the neglected element of the nation — no one bothered with them, except to suppress their revolts — they would, Marx believed, go on flaking off their inherited lore, the lore of peasants detached from the land yet never fully drawn into civilized society, multiplying below the surface, growing stronger and more unified in their abyss of purity, until they erupted in the name of bread and freedom. After that, no one could foresee what would happen, but Hegelian logic provided the idea of a "higher synthesis" in which the inhuman became the most human.

The twentieth century is different. It is more crowded, and the old habit of dreaming has returned. More important, perhaps, the workers have ceased to be neglected, they have become the object of everyone's attention. Today the wealthy no longer exploit Nature through controlling the labor market — man himself has become the raw material sought by the strong and the shrewd. Not the science of appropriating things, but the art of gaining followers is the study of the modern barons; not a million dollars but a million men. Thus the production of myths has become the chief occupation of the world's most brilliant talents, and the highest rewards are bestowed in this field. Topped by such geniuses as Ivy Lee, Goebbels, or Mussolini, thousands of editors, advertising men, information specialists, psychologists, attitude surveyors, speech writers, all the distributors of goods and desires, work with the single goal to create beliefs in the masses, to attract their attention, and to control their daily behavior. Add to these the old crowd of medicine men: public officials, priests, schoolteachers, army officers, it seems as if half of mankind, the upper half, draws its life from seducing, exciting, and dividing the rest.

Can one still believe with Marx that merely by overthrowing idols, purifying himself through negations, man will become conscious of himself and capable of freedom? Absurd! The Marxists have competition now, they are in the arena with the rest to capture the workers' applause. And being less well equipped, they will never succeed.

Rem (raising his glass): It is time to destroy all secular religions, all salesmanship!

Hem: We must create an all-embracing myth that will seize hold even of the salesmen them-

Shem: Better get rid of these mystifications — myths, initiations, rites, both positive and negative — and devote yourselves to the science of practical politics, to everyday affairs: the military victory of the democratic nations today, social reforms tomorrow and the day after.

Rem: Leaving all confusions intact! Humanity will never be saved by bureaucrats and newspaper editors.

Hem: Why not take up these topics seriously? Let us propose a symposium on myth, freedom, and initiation for the next issue of View.

## NOTES ON LIBERTY

## by nicolas calas

Liberty is an antithesis. I am interested only in liberty of the militant. Prayer is a bondage. Liberty means liberation from all bondages. A militant attitude is a responsible one. To turn heroism into an abstraction is an escape from responsibility. Collectivities fall into this error when they transform an unknown soldier into the chosen hero of their country. Saint Paul criticized the Athenians for praying to an unknown God. To shun responsibility can only lead to two extreme forms of enslavement. The first is exemplified by the totalitarian states where an adventurer usurps power and assumes all responsibility. If Mussolini did say that men are tired of liberty, this means he understood that the socialist leaders were afraid to assume responsibility. The second form of enslavement is illustrated by the trial of Riom in which French parliamentarianism reappears under a degenerate form. The impression from the debates is that no one, neither the judges nor the accused are ready to accept any responsibility and the leader of the responsible force of the nation in war time becomes as silent as the last of his men. What a contrast with the silence of the Sphinx; the unknown should be mysterious, in France it has become uninteresting.

The aspects of the problem of responsibility are three: The sociological, the psychological and the phenomenological. These points of approach cover the entire field: subject environment and purpose. In the historical development of responsibility I distinguish three phases: Phase of primitive society in which responsibility is based on the principle of sacrilege; religious phase, and more particularly Christian, when responsibility is conditioned by the principle of sin; third and political phase in which responsibility is more directly associated with the notion of crime.

What is in every given case sacrilegous, sinful or criminal is a sociological problem and can be determined only by sociological and historical laws. The difficulty of deciding who is the sinner or the criminal each time the collectivity feels it has been hurt gives rise to the vexing question of intention. In modern societies it is admitted that inanimate objects such as a sword or a rock are not responsible for harm, neither are animals or small children. But in all other cases the range of individuals who could be held responsible varies greatly. In totalitarian states parents or distant relations or even members of the same racial group or political party are held collectively responsible for the action of any member of their group. On the other hand there is, under the influence of psychoanalysis a tendency to decrease considerably the cases in which a person can be held responsible for a crime.

The theory of intention is a dynamic one and corresponds to a psychology of desire (Saint Augustine, Pascal and Freud), while all psychological methods of the positivistic type, from Berkeley's to the behaviorists, are merchanistic. All psychology that studies man without establishing the dialectical movement individual-environment, desire-obstacle, transforms the individual into an automaton. Only by a qualitative transformation of the relationship individual-environment can men become individuals capable of resisting their environment. From the psychological point of view the force that opposes the environment is desire. Without desire liberty is inconceivable.

Kant was wrong to rely so much on man's independence of judgment. Marxism and Freudism indicate that intuitions are predetermined. If these methods of investigation are correct then we might well ask to what degree are we free and for what actions must man today be held responsible. When collectivities come to believe that heroism is anonymous, poetry purely automatic, crime predetermined by a psychological traumatism that happened when the alleged criminal was an irresponsible infant, then the breach between actual conduct and rules of conduct becomes intolerable.

The problem of responsibility has now become so acute that we must discuss it and adopt a coherent attitude that is to replace the *laissez-faire* conception of conduct. Liberty and liberalism are not synonymous.

Before Freud the most daring dynamic theory of desire was based on the dogma of grace. To establish the link between religious militantism and political militantism we will have to consult great religious thinkers. One of the main merits of Lutheran Protestantism lies in its emphasis on the social aspect of sin. Protestantism believes that in a world of sinners man cannot avoid sinning. Calvin's theory of predestination added a dynamic element to this belief. Centuries later French Socialism was to free the Protestant presocialist idea of the inevitability of sin from metaphysics and theology and turn it into a battle cry for social justice while Marx was to do for socialism, what Calvin did for Protestantism, i.e., turn it through determinism into a driving force.

The opposite thesis according to which man can avoid sinning is best expressed by Pascal. If Pascal is right it means that society is not strong enough to transform our intentions and that nothing on earth can oblige us to sin if we do not wish to.

From a political point of view the Lutheran conception leads to the establishment of a principle of tolerance, for, obviously, if man cannot avoid sinning, sin becomes less appalling. Pascal on the contrary favors an attitude of intolerance. Which of these two attitudes allows for greater freedom?

The problem remains insoluble unless we can find a third principle that will reconcile the contradiction. From a militant attitude the mistake of Protestantism was its belief that by abolishing monastic orders all Christians would become militant. The Catholic church with her greater experience of human weakness knew it was useless to ask for all the faithful to become soldiers of Christ. To the Protestant abolition of the monasteries the Counter reform replied by the creation of a new political party, the Jesuits. Influenced by Machiavelli's humanist conception of individual interest the Jesuits formulated a dynamic theory of political (religious) purpose. By concentrating their

efforts on the interests of the militant group, their own order, the Jesuits realized that sin can not be defined and classified as medieval jurists and scholastic theologians had done, because it is con-

trary to the changing dynamic aspect of collective life.

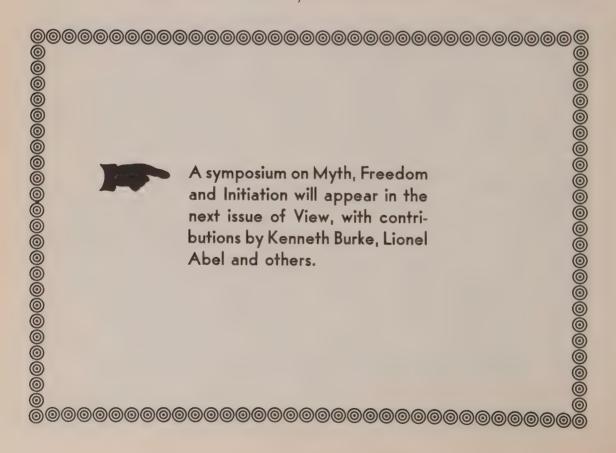
If we replace sin by crime, the sacred by our concept of property, monastic order by the political party then we have a contemporary counterpart of the problem that the Jesuits had to face. Unfortunately it is the reactionary forces (the counter reform) of fascism that have learnt the lesson and who have come to realize that property should not be sacred and crime defined and classified in accordance with the dictates of the successors of the Roman Jurists. The totalitarian states and extremist political parties in all countries abolished the famous dictum nulla poena sine lege. This reform in criminal law Nazi Germany was the first to legalize. Historically this means that Germany added to her Protestant experience the Jesuit lesson; she was now ready to go a step further in the realization of the ideal which all extremist parties since the French Revolution took over from Protestantism i.e. the transformation of the masses into a political party. If the masses are shaped into a political party then obviously purpose becomes more important than crime — the Jesuit conception.

When in times of acute crisis political parties punish with executions, whether legalized or not by the apparatus of the state, then it is difficult for us to dissociate political error from crime and wrong, which are both notions we have inherited from the past. But the fact remains that the notion of error and success liberates us from the scholastic conception of fixed goal (a materialist paradise) and educates us to understand politics from the point of view of lines of directions, of vectors, in-

stead of in terms of fixed forms.

The work of two of the most powerful thinkers of all time, Marx and Freud, has freed determinism from metaphysics, so now we can again examine the moral problem and study it from a materialist point of view. Morality in the sense of Pascal, which is the highest ever formulated, must be translated into modern terms. The error of Freud and of his followers is that they failed to realize that the family must be overcome, in the sense Engel means in his book on the origin of the family. The ultimate purpose of psychoanalysis should not therefore be to deliver us from the obsession of the family and adapt us to the social status quo but to prepare us to free ourselves from the obstacle which the family is in a competitive society. Freedom means a struggle against psychological and social obstacles. To understand freedom it is necessary to fight. Freud has proven that we all suffer — this is a psychological interpretation of sin; political parties prove that it is necessary to fight, therefore it is only by fighting that we can destroy the obstacles that cause pain. This is why it is only the liberty of the militant that counts. Liberty is an antithesis.





## IT'S EASY TO CRITICIZE

### By KURT SELIGMANN

There is no painting without method. We know that in the most depersonalized abstract forms as well as in the spongy, smoked, rubbed surfaces a method is concealed having its origin in experience. The interpretation of the accidental and its coordination are of importance to any painter: to describe signifies to interpret. The interpretation and its fusion with the hieroglyph-skeleton of the painting excludes by no means

the use of chance elements.

I think that the question is of small importance, if the pattern guiding the coordination is formed before the painter starts his work, or during its execution. The plan may modify itself during the process of execution. But the plan exists nevertheless a priori. It is born in the vision preceding the art work and its modification during the working process is not only admissible but desirable. The will to form, that primordial force, will modify, transform and twist the image, until it is in full accord with the material requirements of the canvas, until it forms that unity which we impose upon the exterior world.

If I wish to criticize methods and procedures, I criticize first of all myself and I

do it in order to clarify my ideas and to give them a propensity.

The plastic means used in some modern works of painting seem to be hostile to any deep and clear space description. Their use apparently excludes that new space the premonition of which enhances our thought and of which we know that it will not be a mirage of atmosphere, nor a simple trompe-l'oeil, nor a linear construction in a renaissance sense. I do not wish to analyze the origin of this need for space representation. However, the early Chirico shows us that space can be more than the illusion of a third dimension, that it can be a medium of affective expression just as any plastic medium can.

Today there is a profound contradiction between our need for space and the plastic media we restrict ourselves to, media which seem to oppose themselves obstinately to any new space representation.

Space has to be conceived, to be built; its building excludes haphazardness in its

foundations. Conception can not reconcile itself with chance.

If I wish to introduce space into my work I must give a minor importance to the chance element. Because the means by which we provoke the accidental do not know another space than a limited trompe-l'oeil.

We can not call creation of space the way we describe a conventional depth in our paintings when we cut out from the profusion of decalcomaniac elements as much as we need for a sky, lake, horizon, or desert. Delimitation is not space. Since cubism we try to pulverize the magic diamond. The enchanted world in which Picasso's three musicians live is only a few feet deep. The sound of their instruments is a praise of claustration, of happiness within the four studio walls. In our epoch of air attacks these four walls may crumble, they do not secure meditation and protection anymore from a world of indifference . .

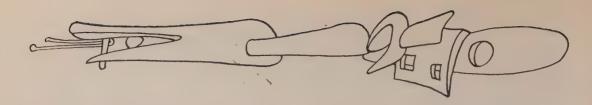
Our new space seems to exclude chance from invading the canvas before the process of painting. We should stress more the a priori element, the vision anticipating the work. This vision may form itself automatically as in the case of Helen Smith

who copied forms presented as realities by her inspired imagination.

The use of the method provoking chance-forms to be interpreted automatically contains a danger, although it liberates psychic forces in need of expression. Liberating on the one hand it impedes on the other, because it leads the creative forces always through the same canals, thus curbing the immense flight of imagination. The vision anticipating the work is consigned to an inferior rank, or even completely excluded. A conciliation between the two principles seems difficult and the fusion of the two elements painful. The discrepancy between the forms obtained by accident and those conceived a priori is manifest and gives the impression of superimposition.

The element a priori is not for the Gestaltist something exterior or impersonal, on the contrary it resides in the deepest strata of personality and transmutes itself with

the experiences of the individual. It is constant.



### Charles Henri Ford:

## THERE'S NO PLACE TO SLEEP IN THIS BED, TANGUY

The storks like elbows had a fit of falling
She beat me over the head with a lung
Somewhere a voice is calling Picasso
And the lasso of love has the ghost of a chance

The bewildering pathos of a bag of china candy
The hole in the rock where the sea lost hope
The faceless spectators whose tears have no shadows
Ah for this and these my poems are undone

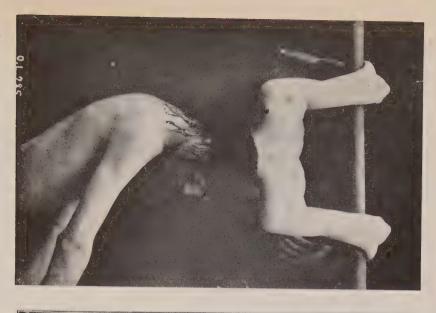
There's no place to sleep in this bed, Tanguy
The wires are cut that connect us with slumber
And the number of day and the number of night is one!
Those grains of sand are menacing as statues

Fountains of fire await the painted trigger And the nails you drove in the earth have sprung up Madonnas and torture-machines tell the time You touch a cloud the rain becomes an object

Whose bow is the rainbow whose arrow is Egypt Whose target unknown whose quarry is fear For these are skeletons we never saw before With skin like candies and no tongue to toss on

You've set new traps for ancient dreams
Oh tame them and train them before they get caught!
There's no place to sleep in this bed, Tanguy
There are too many monuments of broken hearts



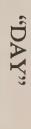


Alfred Lord Tennyson

"NIGHT"



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HENRY MILLER, author of COSMOLOGICAL EYE (\$2.50), COLOSSUS OF MAROUSSI (\$3.50), WISDOM OF THE HEART (\$2.50), THE TROPICS, etc. His choice: "Prophets of New India" edited by Romain Rolland, "Seraphita" by Balzac, "The Tibetan Book of the Dead" by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, "Nadja" by André Breton, "Nijinsky's Diary," "Death on the Installment Plan" by Louis Ferdinand Celine, "The Voice of Silence" by H. P. Blavatsky, "Dostoyevsky" by André Gide, "The Absolute Collective" by Erich Gutkind, "I am Jonathan Scrivener" by Claude Houghton, "The Spirit of Zen" by Alan W. Watts.

MARIANNE MOORE, author of OBSERVATIONS (o.p.), SELECTED POEMS (o.p. \$1.75), WHAT ARE YEARS (\$1.50). Her choice: "Alice, Thomas and Jane" by Enid Bagnold, "Book of Joh" — Notes by Richard G. Moulton, "Eimi" by e. e. cummings, "Confessions of a Scientist" by Raymond L. Ditmars, "Faber Book of Modern Verse" edited by Michael Roberts, "Henry James: Prefaces" by R. P. Blackmur, "And Gladly Teach" by Bliss Perry, "The English Novel" by George Saintsbury, "Street Songs" by Edith Sitwell, "Notes on the Merrymount Press" by U. P. Updike.

Other WE MODERNS who have been asked include: W. H. Auden, Kay Boyle, Horace Gregory, e. e. cummings, Kenneth Patchen, Katherine Anne Porter, Frederic Prokosch and William Carlos Williams.

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# Tchelitchew's World

## by Parker Tyler

I

When I first saw the painted figures of Pavel Tchelitchew, I was struck with the tenderness of line in contrast with the weight of the mass, and so I was aware of a curious dialectic of form — a dialectic which has borne the most astonishingly beautiful fruits in the eight years since I first divined its presence. In the substantiality of the figures I began to see an inexhaustible cradle for color. One of the first ideas I ever heard Tchelitchew express was a dogma for color as light, a sun of its own shining out of the canvas and persuading what it shines on to participate in its life. The eyes which he paints are most extraordinary because they ache with their color, which is a visual manifestation of their desire, like the sun's, to expand, to cast eyeness into the world, and make of what they encompass a color of their color, a shape of their shape. How complex has this apparently simple desire come to be in the paintings of Pavel Tchelitchew!

The eye itself is convex, and yet, on our looking into it as into the heart of water, it seems concave, since, though it has a bottom, it is translucent. That space which it is Tchelitchew's joy and grief to create is seen to welcome the precious burden of this concave-convex dialectic. The spectator in a static position toward the field of vision is a convention which has bored Tchelitchew almost from the beginning; bored him chiefly because he is a certain individual, but also because in twentieth-century society it is hard to seem fixed in a universe of spectacular change and a planetary milieu of peculiarly nervous movement.

When you stand looking at a representation of space which is fixed merely because a man has stopped to regard the world from a single viewpoint, you are imprisoned in the space created by the painter. Modern art movements in one way or another have expressed a revolutionary dissatisfaction with this gentle coercion of the painter with his eye at rest upon the world. The genteel eye of the painter came not to reflect the truth of his perception, which has become a protean and plastic thing, inwardly changeful; therefore both Cézanne's preoccupation with the analytical architecture of nature and Chirico's symbolic landscapes were pre-Tchelitchew expressions of the inwardly transforming eye. The precise point of depth, the character, and the relative situation of this Inner Eye vary in contemporary painting. Such a highly protean painter as Picasso, who turns this eye upon the history of vision, suggests that it comes from memory of a previous, very early type of vision in man. Savages are suspected of having "mathematically" seen the totemistic carvings which seem distorted to contemporary beings. Yet who can say whether Picasso imitates this "distortion" from without or remembers it from within? Probably both, for that would be dialectical. His outer eyesight sees the African esthetic form as atavistic and distorted, his inner eyesight revolutionarily accepts its principle as normal.

Tchelitchew, like all first-rate painters, never permits us to forget that our esthetic vision is a gradual accumulation of styles of seeing, an accretion of various types of formalism. The classical Greek, for instance, idealized the human shape by creating mathematical formulae for representing it. Thus, the Greek god was a metaphysical illustration of this sacred veneration of the mundane form. In painting and sculpture this influence has lasted for many centuries, and the anatomical primitiveness of the middle ages was another formal beginning for proceeding toward an idealistic, more or less scientific, proportion for the human form in painting. The plastic arts may be considered scientific to the extent that, as nature is inspected for the sake of finding out what it is in "blind" terms of measurement, artistic representation has come to have more and more correspondence to mathematical proportions.

Leonardo is a wonderful example of the scientific preoccupation of art with exact proportion and precise lineament. Many of Tchelitchew's drawings of the human form remind me of Leonardo's in their concentration upon the destiny of a human curve. Art cannot be considered wholly apart from its material media: drawings and paintings are done on a flat surface. Thus they contradict the dimensions of the physical, since (unlike sculpture) they must simulate rather than reproduce those dimensions. This contradiction inevitably suggests to the artist the emotional attitude toward what is being drawn, rather than its physical reality. But (you say) while primitive cave drawings were on flat stone, primitive carvings are sculpture, while it is supposed their distortions arose alike from subjective, emotional transformations. These savage images were executed when spirits, the rulers of the universe, were not considered visible, whereas scientific vision arose only after God or gods were believed anthropomorphic, and thus their bodies, like man's, could be investigated.

All emotively distorted images arise from some curious, "anti-proportional" preoccupation with certain parts at the expense of other parts of a single object. The birth of science is in the pro-

portions of the Venus de Milo, in which every part is equally evaluated as it is! In the act of love, to which visual science is alien, we wish to bring closest the most loved parts, and thus, according to those laws of perspective which make smaller what is remote and larger what is near, our outer eye logically perceives some part larger than the rest. This is a mathematical illusion of vision which happens to be an accidental duplication of our inner eye's behavior, since our feelings likewise place this unequal valuation on parts of the human object. Nature came out of the black mist to primitive man, that thing frightening him most which appeared foremost, such as the tusk of a beast or the blade of an enemy. But learning to embrace another adult like himself, he recoordinated his feelings on the basis of desire and grew to love that most which the warming feelings of the lover first pressed toward him. An African carving is a naive rendition of an emotional perspective of this kind in the alien terms of sculpture. What shape is characteristic of this sculpture? It is roughly phallic; hence, it is the entire figure symbolically cast in the emotional perspective of the phallus.

п

Tchelitchew has the most sensitive awareness of the contradiction between the flat surface of drawing and painting and the Emotional Perspective, which reorganizes mathematical form seen from a stationary viewpoint. When he definitely left the single perspective and the stationary or normal viewpoint, he made many experiments with unsual angles and also with a mobile viewpoint (the above, middle, and below of his Triple Perspective). Tchelitchew has a more scientific attitude than Picasso, who when he paints a "twofaced woman," decrees that both faces be curiously transformed by the inner eye and subordinated to an overall form. Tchelitchew (and here he is at one with the Surrealists) inclines to regard a woman's face seen from two angles as an objective freak: a woman who has grown two heads. Hence he is naive in the tradition of Greek myth (Cerberus) while Picasso is naive in the African sense of visual distortion. Tchelitchew's tendency to regard the tricks of the Emotional Perspective as having an objective existence, and being thus mythological, achieved a sensational climax in his large canvas, Phenomena. Another scientific aspect of western antiquity on the European continent comes to view. When the Greeks wished to express emotional emphasis, they did so quantitatively: they multiplied; thus, scientifically, they were anti-fetichistic in love and social relationships. Metaphysics, mathematics, politics, and ideal sculpture were specialties of theirs.

In *Phenomena*, Tchelitchew has contributed an unsurpassed visual tour-de-force to painting. The visual pun in Dali and other Surrealists is purely mechanical or depends on dream symbolism. In

Phenomena, on the other hand, it results from a profound formal reorganization of nature. Thus, many of the objects in Tchelitchew's space tend to have a dual aspect: a mathematical distortion peculiar to themselves (freakish physiques) and a mathematical distortion peculiar to the laws of visual perspective, being seen from sharp angles below or above. The painter's subtlety in some cases is to have made flexible the quantitative debt which one object owes to each kind of distortion, and yet the object seems to owe something to both. Another complication of the space in this picture is that separate objects exist not only in their own physical perspective as illusion and reality but tend to palpitate with the restless perspective which inhabits the whole field of vision! This palpitation, or heroic "accordionpleating," of space is the secret of Tchelitchew's brilliant composition. The general effect is diamond-like and the colors are prismatic, interacting upon one another as sources of light. By complicating the dialectic nature of his painting, Tchelitchew makes his space hyper-dense not only with things as objects but with apertures as objects, and these in turn become perspective segments which advance toward and retreat from the spectator according to the sizes of the objects within them.

As a result, the pathos in Phenomena is so complex that some spectators miss it. But this is to miss the most poignant and mature quality of the painting, which is its emotional irony. This irony is expressed by an inversion of the Emotional Perspective, which makes largest what is most desirable. In the human freak it is what is disproportionately large or small that is undesirable, and hence we feel repulsion rather than attraction; we wish what is near to be remote. But observe that nothing, even the solidest thing in Phenomena, seems perfectly static. The general spatial organization is such that the disproportionate largenesses and smallnesses (we wish emaciation to be even further away than it is!) may seem a trick of perspective. The ironic tenderness with which Tchelitchew has cradled all this repulsive flesh is the ambiguous presence of trompe-l'oeil! For even numerical redundancy, such as the woman with two pairs of breasts, may seem the casual result of double vision. The cone represents fear, and the planes of a diamond are triangular, cone-like. Phenomena thus has been organized as an agglomeration of shapes of fear exorcised from contact with us through a mathematical irony! The rational bridge by which we connect these mythological shapes with life is made of clues of recognition, such as the man constructed of tumbling piles of coins and the soldier whose face is a gas mask. These are not results of perspective or blind nature; they are obvious symbols or material realities of our time; shapes of overproduction and underproduction, shapes of defense and destruction; contemporary monsters created of man by man!

One of my greatest delights has been the mantle of grace lying upon apparently heavy and poorly co-ordinating human figures drawn by Tchelitchew. This quality is especially evident in his children, making them unique in painting. One feels that aspiration toward easier and more pointed coordination in the childishly formed limbs the aspiration and the frustration. So one perceives the Will to Grace through the prism of young awkwardness, and also the knotted resentment accumulated in the muscles of the child's ambitious physiognomy. Tchelitchew's children are organisms playing in the masquerade of the adult emotional perspective. The grace they bring to life is that fragile finesse which palpitant mass evinces when it buds before flowering. Children are placed in the hothouse of Tchelitchew's vision that their growth there may be less painful, and quicker. After the stunning impact of Phenomena, Tchelitchew rebounded from the organic freak and its complex and ironic symbolism into a somewhat more elementary regard for nature. It is essentially poetical that he should now strive to connect with nature and its unceasing generosity man and woman, who, lost in the desperate and febrile pursuits of the city, have become so alienated from the protectiveness and green reassurance of the country. The Greek myth which merged Daphne into a tree to preserve her virginity has been inverted by Tchelitchew, who merges man, woman, and child with flower, leaf, and sky in order to "de-virginize" them and complete their maturity.

Tchelitchew, however, never allows his emotional perspective the whimsical and mechanically distorted violence of many Surrealist works, but creates rather a "tactical" collaboration with the mathematical perspective. His latest painting to be exposed, The Green Lion, shows the lion's head normally perceived, while it is the children, acting as puns for various features of the lion's face, who are distorted by exaggerated perspectives. This is the myth I read in The Green Lion: To achieve our animal nature, which is essential to our happiness, we are forced into distorted moral perspectives. In order to eat, clothe ourselves, and pay rent we must work at what we don't like and longer than we should; we must deny ourselves the proper relaxation and the proper pursuit of beauty. Our emotional perspectives grow askew, we enter for protection a dreamlike mode of life. The children in The Green Lion play a game; a game is something one strives to win, and something which often awards a prize to the winner. By "aiming" at the eyes of the lion and "hitting" them with their whole bodies, the children "win" the right to look at life with the integrity of animal appetite preserved! Their efforts take place under the arboreal auspices of golden wheat, meaning money and bread. Will the Lion which rules the Forest of Wheat eat the children? The costume of one child is his red tongue.

Sometimes Tchelitchew's skill alone is breathtaking, and in the end it is this theory, not of flight, but of flying, in his spatial forms which may seem the most powerful element of all. At present Tchelitchew is working on a canvas of not quite the mathematical area of Phenomena. The shade of secrecy is drawn over it,\* and all we have so far are the numerous sketches done while its execution was forming in the painter's mind and with his hand. Each sketch is a window of a house which will suddenly, in a burst of color, become a single, unconcealing window into space. The limits of this house will disappear when we see the interior. Tchelitchew's passion is to discover secrets - those secrets of subtle visual harmony which the universe keeps jealously locked in so incalculable a number of overlapping compartments. It is almost impossible, sometimes, to follow the painter in his quest amid such exquisitely fine tissues. Whither away? we rashly ask. Tchelitchew disappears into his canvas! Space answers by throwing open the endless doors which he has left swinging behind him. What many painters have held to be a Blind Alley, Tchelitchew has revealed as a Doorway to the Future.

<sup>\*</sup> Cache cache.

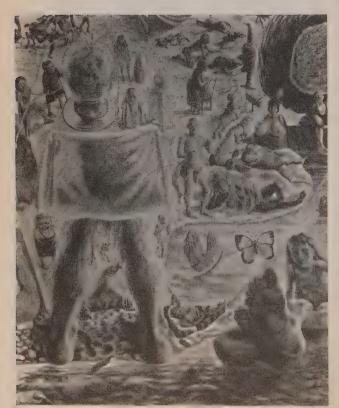


P.T.



During the very brief period when Pavel Tchelitchew. Christian Bérard and the Berman brothers exhibited together in Paris, someone gave them the group name, Neo-Romantics. It was then and for some years afterwards a fairly useful term. It distinguished them from the older generation of Realist, Expressionist and Abstract painters against whom they were in full reaction, and it also distinguished them from the Surrealists with whom they had much, if far from everything, in common. The term has persisted - perhaps I am one among many to blame - but its usefulness has dwindled and its accuracy vanished. Used today in connection with Tchelitchew's paintings, it has become meaningless except as a crude aid to identification, an aid which should by now be unnecessary for people anywhere who love and understand twentieth century art.

Consider how obliquely the paths of the Neo-Romantics have diverged from the beginning. They all liked the Blue and Rose periods of Pi-



### Return to the North

by James Thrall Soby

casso, but Tchelitchew liked them more passionately than any of the others save possibly Bérard. They all admired the early paintings of Giorgio de Chirico which were shown in Paris in 1926, vet the influence of these paintings, so marked for many artists, was almost non-existent in the early work of Tchelitchew. When the exhibitions came along which helped develop the so-called Neo-Romantic creed — exhibitions of the brothers LeNain, Georges de la Tour and the early Degas portraits, among others - Tchelitchew's enthusiasm was already of another kind. He did not go on those frequent excursions to Italy which took his colleagues to Ferrara, Arezzo and Borgo San Sepulcro and supplied an Italianate basis for their art. For the most part he stayed in Paris, and there he presumably looked often at the Battle of San Romano by the one Italian artist of whom he always speaks with worship - Paolo Uccello. Years later when some of us walked with Tchelitchew through the museum at Naples, he hurried past the long walls of Italian Baroque paintings, rolling his eyes in his head in disgusted imitation of their posed and genital ecstasy. The single picture before which he stopped and talked for a long time was Breughel's The Lame, The Halt and The Blind.

It surprised me then that Tchelitchew so admired this painting, but it no longer does. For I think it becomes more and more evident that he is primarily a Northern artist, even a Germanic artist in the good sense that Grünewald was one. (Significantly his work is now nearer in spirit to that of Max Ernst than to that of his former colleagues.) The metaphysical basis to his art is not Southern, elegiac and graciously disputative; it is Northern, violent, passionate and deeply ambitious. He long ago rejected the physicality of French painting which Renoir distilled to perhaps its final essence. He speaks only of Chardin, Watteau, Seurat and Rouault, all of them artists whose conviction had in it something of the supernatural, however concealed. He finds in Chardin's bread and Watteau's satins the shimmer of augury, not of food and stuffs; he feels the space in Seurat's paintings as a momentous vacuum in which the figures are exquisitely suspended; he understands the paradox of Rouault's color and was influenced by it in his 1928 pictures of clowns. His respect for the friend whom he calls "Mrs. Nature" is reverent and simple. He tells her to improve her appearance, but listens respectfully when she hints at the ancient energy now mute in the hills or lying red in the veins of autumn leaves.

Nervously, Tchelitchew is a man flayed alive, and the very acuteness of his reaction to the bitter air of contemporaneity tends to disturb wellpadded, serene and slothful people who want art to melt in the mouth and digestibly give them no dreams. He paints freaks and malicious children because their convulsive power appeals to him. He paints them in simultaneous triple perspective, as seen from above, below and straighton. He does not do so for the naive, story-telling reasons which prompt contemporary Balinese artists to do the same thing. Instead he does so in order to smash the canons of fixed perspective which he believes have limited artists long enough (here his regard for Uccello and Seurat come strongly to mind). He has not always succeeded in this arduous aim, but he has never been afraid to sacrifice ready accomplishment for the sake of progress and his faith. That he has succeeded so often is first of all explicable in terms of his draftsmanship. His drawings have always been superb, cutting space as deeply as he wants and when he wants and where. He is a master of foreshortening and elongation, and he perfects these devices with the same scientific devotion which kept Uccello aloof from his contemporaries and sent him at last to an anguished retirement.

In Tchelitchew's recent paintings and drawings, automatism has played an increasingly important part. Within the year he has completed a fine series of drawings of the Vermont landscape, full of concealed human and animal forms, and a group of canvases in which profiles of human heads are defined by the figures of embattled children. Yet his interest in multiple images is nothing new. As a child he collected doubleimage postcards and hid them from his nurse, and as a young painter in Paris he began in 1928 to paint clowns whose bodies were composed of poodles, acrobats, lions and jugglers. At that time he worked with a dark, almost monochromatic palette. He achieved modelling through a gradation of tones within a limited, arbitrary scale, first in blue and later in red. His procedure now is opposite. Balance and modelling are managed through a contrapuntal arrangement of strong tones, contending or harmonious as the case may be. His reds are the reds of his own nerves laid bare, his yellow, pinks, greens and blues are the colors of the rainbow and of Oriental Russia. The new drawings and paintings are nearly all in preparation for what may well be his master work, Cache Cache, a huge painting on which he has been working for nearly two years.

Mention of this large picture brings me to a final point about Tchelitchew: his integrity and pride as an artist. It is a point on which he has sometimes been misunderstood, particularly in America where a lingering Puritanism has evolved a conception of the serious artist as one who lives in isolation, emerging yearly to receive the plaudits of the crowd and then lumbering back to his solitary retreat. Just as in England a beard or wit have guaranteed an artist some attention at least, so here a painter's reputation can depend in distressing part on how well he fits the role

the public thinks he should play. Above all, preoccupation with the fields of theatre and fashion, however reserved, is held as a sign of frivolity in the easel painter. Tchelitchew has consistently and brilliantly worked in both these fields. He has done so with a full realization that his conscience must remain doubly alert against the very real temptations which professional make-believe can have for an artist whose primary job is to tell the truth as he sees it. He has never allowed the theatre or fashion to dominate his work or weaken his vision. And during the years when his successes in these fields could have brought him a ready market for pleasant, medium-sized pictures, what has he done? He has spent three years on Phenomena and another two on Cache Cache, both being pictures which discourage private ownership because of their size and because they make no compromise with "taste" or morals or with any other criteria upon which the timid base their judgment. He does portraits for a living because the human face and figure have always been his main interest, but he usually does them of people he has known a long time and the best ones, those of Madame Bonjean and Constance Askew for example, are of people for whom he has a profound and warm regard. His integrity and pride are basically incorruptible. I think it is no exaggeration to apply to him the phrase which Silvestre used of Eugène Delacroix: "peintre de grande race."

HUMAN STILL LIFE (1930)



P.T.

## The Position of Pavel Tchelitchew

By LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

It is hard to indicate the exact position of an important contemporary painter since his work is incomplete until he is dead, and his unique contribution is often obscured by superficial similarity to other painters whose work is chronologically parallel. Think of the position of Picasso in 1922, in relation to Derain or Matisse, at the same period. Twenty years after do we hear much of the two latter masters? Similarly today, with Tchelitchew. He is familiar as a painter of a certain prestige, but his position is confused. His qualities combine elements which inspire resistance, distrust, as well as exceptional curiosity.

Tchelitchew has been loosely labelled as a surrealist, a neo-romantic, a late member of the School of Paris. Each label is dubious. He is not, nor ever has been a surrealist.\* His essential basis is neither romantic nor neo-romantic, but rather traditional and classic. That is, the behavior of his talent in the expression of his sentiment is not amorphous, subjective, or accidental, but rather disciplined and objective. Although he has lived in Paris, and for the last eight years in New York or New England, he has never been French but simply a Russian working in the West, as Greco, an Italo-Byzantine, painted in Spain.

Critics misplace him, in spite of his constant denials, with the surrealists, chiefly because of his use of the so-called double-image. With Tchelitchew the double-image is by no means merely double, it is multiple; it is no trick to be pulled, but rather the employment of the principle of metamorphosis. In certain surrealist works there is indeed a multiple rather than a dual image. but its significance is more virtuoso and accidental than expressive or rational. Its referential symbolism is frequently autobiographical, applying academic Freudian formulae to purely idiosyncratic concepts. Tchelitchew's symbols on the other hand, like those of Klee, the early Chirico. and the Renaissance myth painters, refer to the traditional legends of the race. For example, to demonstrate two attitudes toward symbols, oppose the selection of Dali to that of Tchelitchew. The former uses the obsessive repetition of a drooping piano-leg, which at best refers to some personal compulsion in his childhood. The latter continually paints children in the activities, infantile, imaginative and precocious, of all childhood. It has not been necessary for Tchelitchew to melt watches, cut up old magazines, or play with decalcomania. He uses, with extraordinary manual and intellectual mastery, the ancestral iconography of beasts and flowers.

His two chief technical resources are perspective and metamorphosis. A very rough historical sketch of the development of both may make more concrete these general assertions. Uccello is popularly accepted as the source of western trompe-l'oeil optics. By his primitive researches, he was able to indicate space by foreshortening forms as they diminished towards a single vanishing point. Masaccio (and later Piero) commenced to create the illusion of atmosphere. Thus linear and aerial perspective commenced their great advances. His vision was unitarian, and his space was delimited within its frame. Objects were seen from a single viewpoint. Uccello's technique was developed with increasing scope and exactness by painters and architects, particularly in Piero della Francesca down past Leonardo, who disse ted the human eye and first mentioned the camera obscura.

Michael Angelo on the Sistine ceiling, and Greco in his "St. Maurice and the Theban Legion" indicated the possibility of a dual or even of dispersed viewpoints. That is, in their flying angels seen in combination with figures set on the ground beneath, they indicated the possibility of at least two vanishing points, above and below. Ceiling decorators from Correggio to Tiepolo, with large spaces to cover learned to delineate heretofore ignored angles of observance. The surface was broken; air flowed in. Space freed from frames was extended and amorphous. The baroque conceptions of torsion and controposto were extended by the precipitation of hurtling forms released in air.

Not until the work of Georges Seurat did spatial perspective receive still another potential. In La Grande Jatte, each object or figure exists independently of every other object or figure. There is little overlap. The forms stand clear of one another. But here the vibration and contrast of the local color of the object, rather than an absolute mathematical diminishment of shape, create their ambience. Figures painted in blue are seen larger than nature. They are exaggerated in equivalence to the intensity of their color-value. The people in red and white are drawn smaller, proportionally, since, mixed in the eye, their specific local colors increase their size. Seurat's people are inserted in space as separate units, isolated, maintaining the independent dignity of their personal as well as their social hierarchy. They stand still, sit or lie down, and at the same time promenade. These people exist in a multiple temporal and spatial world.

<sup>\*</sup> It is significant that Alfred H. Barr, Director of the Museum of Modern Art, and the most conscientious historian of contemporary art, in editing "Fantastic Art: Dada Surrealism" (1936) the best study of the movement does not mention Tchelitchew's name even among artists 'Independent of the Dada-Surrealist movements.' Tchelitchew was invited to show in this last category, but refused.

Then in the work of the Cubists, and notably in Picasso, with his ideographic profile seen also as front face, as well as the vase and tables seen simultaneously from multiple aspects, there is a further development. While all perspective to a degree is artificial and metaphysical. Picasso's is the most intellectual and arbitrary. The late Cubists eventually organized given forms in a given space on a given surface in their most essential and laconic relation. But since their subject matter was generally still-life, in spite of their introduction of imitation wood-veneer, sand and newsprint, all human interest was minimized to accentuate formal elements, so that cubism tended to become useful chiefly as decoration, and for us, primarily instructive or academic.

By the use of his metamorphosis, Tchelitchew has pushed perspective one further step. We must understand his conception of metamorphosis. The Greek roots of the word mean change of form. As he uses it, it is more than the charming punning images of Arcimboldo or Bracelli. His metamorphosis is linked to the realistic forms hidden in the garden arabesques of Persian carpets, to Jerome Bosch and to the monsters Leonardo saw in a saturated wall, whose corruscations formed a fluid universe, as his eyes saw shifting outlines and the looming forms they enclosed.

Metamorphosis, in Tchelitchew's work, is a dialectic in time and space, the investigation of a structure of fact by its contradiction. There is to begin with a thesis, that is, a statement; the drawn rendering of an immediately apparent object, as for example, a wintry Connecticut landscape. Then its antithesis — a contrast or opposite, such as a tiger's head superimposed, the tawny fur indicated as sere stubble, the ice as dripping tusks. Finally, there is the synthesis, a resolution of thesis and antithesis which provides the essential definition of the whole, which can in this particular picture\* be best defined by the line from Eliot, "In the juvescence of the year came Christ the Tiger."

In Tchelitchew's later paintings we find always three different subjects, in three different perspectives, seen from three different moments in time. This trinity, ideological, spatial and temporal, is at once simultaneous and independent. As in Seurat, objects indicated exist isolated in their own air. Their contours may lock into the profiles of contiguous forms, but there is no overlap. Each has its essential temporal and spatial independence.

This dialectical approach is further developed by Tchelitchew's manipulation of color and of the rendering of surfaces indicating matter. Frequently his light reads dark, his dark light. There is a parallel ambivalence in his rendering of substances — air is transmuted into water, water fire, and flames stone.

As for his choice in objects, Tchelitchew has always been attached to realistic forms, not because of the ordinary impulse to overcome the difficulties of naturalistic rendering, or even for a preference for particular objects, but simply because a realistic form, that is, a form which has an identical connotation to everyone looking at it, may be shown from multiple angles of perspective, and still maintain its identity. Using a realistic form, whether a human body or a tree, as point of reference or departure, one cannot mistake it for something else, as abstract forms found in post-cubist pictures suggest different formal associations to different eyes. By the use of a single realistic form in multiple perspective, each and the same are seen in different, or even sequential moments in time and space, simultaneously. This is by no means the cinematic profile double-exposure of the futurists (Balla), but rather an extension of the activity of Uccello's horses whose prancing hooves seemed to be shared by two or three other chargers at once, and which seen separately and in sequence create an actual kinetic motion.

We find in Tchelitchew preference for recurring clowns, acrobats, freaks, and dancers. He has been attracted to acrobats because of their profession. Their bodies are trained machines for release in space. Their functional timing coincides with the exchange of their moving bodies. Similarly, he is occupied with dancers, above all with classic ballet, not as Degas, who saw it as nature morte, but as an ordering of bodies emotionally and ritually expressive of certain concrete gestures in an absolute way, in time and space.

His personal development has been logical. His choice of subjects may seem to have been fantastic or fortuitous, but his individual researches, even his fixations, as well as his widening capacities, are as orderly as a parade. Born in Russia in 1898, he left for Constantinople in 1920. He was in the Balkans, and then Berlin till 1923, arriving in Paris late in that year. His choice of subject was then arbitrary, even primitive. He painted what he accidentally liked, and did not look at what he hated. Then, by contact with the academy of Cubism, he began to investigate the simplest forms, taking the most elementary colors. He painted amplified eggs in black and white, gradually adding ochre and red ochre. Around 1925, the interest in the big ovoids developed into studies of the human face (Portrait of René Crevel). By 1926 he dominantly employed blue and its ranges. He began to make bodies, giving the previous faces a definite existence in time and space by relating them to the bodies. These bodies were frequently composed of the unrelated domestic objects of studio still-life, but he added nets, shells, fans, masks, animals and smaller figures, which could be seen inlaid as individual detail or building up to a monumental anatomy. In 1927-8, the blues, again with the addition of

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Portrait of My Father"



ochre, shifted to green. In his ballet *Ode*, produced by Diaghilev in 1928, he made a recapitulation of all these tentative researches. The dancers were seen as moving in a photographic negative, connected by ropes indicating recessive perspective, and dolls in diminishing sizes, clad as the dancers, heightened the illusion of a forced precipitation.

In 1931-32 there was a dominance of red and red violet (Portrait of Mme. Bonjean). As a result of a trip to Spain he became involved in landscape and in the vegetable and mineral world, particularly in trees and mountains. Some blossoms were puns on faces. Tree trunks resembled human bodies, fingers and hands.

A series of Tennis and Bullfight pictures (1934) mark the first attempts at his characteristic perspective. From the sole of the Toreador's shoe to the far tip of his sword, is indicated simultaneously a nearest point and a farthest point in rapid, collapsible, accordion-like, bent space. He turned increasingly to the investigation of portraiture, and by relating accessories, background and anatomy came to a more exact psychological clairvoyance.

Phenomena (1936-38) was the initial important manifesto of his dialectic in time. Its composition, a facetted diamond derived from his utility of Cubism. Its subject was the orderly horror of our epoch in terms of Marxian opposites. In spite of his self-imposed exile from Russia, his talent was deeply affected by the October Revolution. The picture was peopled with freaks - Siamese twins, one richly dressed, one poorly; bearded ladies and multi-breasted girls, examples of glandular disbalance, the physical symbols of moral inadequacy and economic compensation. These symbols were literally rendered from the polar bear sweating in summer to the wall of stony faces. There was no ephemeral caricature or reference to abstract or purely formal concepts. Everything was organized for its contrasts and antinomies, rich and poor, hot and cold, light and dark, tall and short, fat and lean. Equally, the color, spread as a recessive spectrum, and repeated in its rainbow, the bands of red, yellow, green and purple, coinciding with the natural local areas in the depicted objects and figures. *Phenomena* is a picture to look at, not a mural decoration. It is possibly a tract, naively over-charged with intention, but in both detail and concept it repays study.

His new picture, Cache Cache (1940-42), not yet exposed, is an enormous technical advance over Phenomena. The whole huge canvas seems to swim in a giant drop of water. While Phenomena was based on a flat diamond, Cache Cache seems a crystal globe with flowing reflections from the air outside and from its own air within. The composition stems from a central tree whose roots are a gnarled foot, and whose branches are fingers. In between branches forming the frame for children's heads are seasonal landscapes, while these landscapes are portraits, and the portraits in themselves, grimacing children, insects, fruits, flowers, leaves and snow suitable to the year's weather and the times of day. The detail is cyclic and again super-charged. But what was coarse, nervous or insistent in Phenomena is serene and jewel-like here. It is a very large picture and in it holds the source of many others, not only from its author, but from young artists who will investigate its meaning. For Tchelitchew will be found to be a teacher, and these pictures new Schools of Athens. It is not too much to claim for him that he has discovered and can teach a new way of seeing.

In his ceaseless voyage between microcosm and macrocosm, Tchelitchew uses the tools his time provides to portray its confusion and destruction, its infantile savagery and human possibility. His methods, to give him his largest credit, are equal to so awful a subject.



BULLFIGHT (1934)

Tchelitchew



HEAD OF EDITH SITWELL (1929) [Wire and Wax]



PAVEL TCHELITCHEW (1942)

J R Photo



HEAD OF RENE CREVEL [1925]
[Collection Gertrude Stein]



BLUE CLOWN (1929)

[Collection James Thrall Soby]

## METAMORPHOSES by Pavel Tchelitchew



NUDE IN SPACE (1926)



CHILDREN (1930)



### CACHE CACHE

. William Carlos Williams

I imagine the angels will have forgotten, by that time, whether they had been niggers, archbishops — or even the sex of their parents. Memory will not be their occupation, they will have escaped it or escaped all its less significant details. When they look at the new pictures of those who remain artists among them they will seek qualities more mineral than protoplasmic, to be graded as they repel, absorb or transmit light.

But we - are full of memories and the best we can do is to seek in them for the luminous. As Tchelitchew says: Every picture has a heart of light, a mind and - remains a composition on a flat surface revealing too much. Cache cache! It is made of all that the painter should hide of himself, of his times. It gives him away. It is shocking, disgraceful. It reveals him in his secret, perhaps, as very stupid. Not the details. These are beefsteak or something else quite as necessary. Nothing is shocking that you can see. It is what you cannot see that may be shocking. Or superb. The pure chemistry of insight, geometric, borrowed from a rotting memory, shall we say? revealed, crystalline, to the imagination. In words, a triviality. In a picture an arresting possibility.

Raphael cannot be imitated unless we know and identify ourselves with the core of his secret. The secrets of Greek perfection, the concepts that made them as they were, are essential to the knowledge of one who would borrow from them. Raphael was a crystal sphere. His realizations are of the sphere, crystalline, transmitters of light. How can they be followed, even with every addition of contemporary paraphernalia, without that realization. Impossible! Each creator has as his base some such secret core. Unless we hit to the base of the underlying purity from which ALL a man's work emerges we produce - in trying to realize Raphael's purity and tranquility, his luminous quality of the sphere - the opacity and confusion of Ingres' scene in the harem.

A man, in America, surrounds himself with a forest, to be able to continue to desire to discover a means to exist. I gathered from looking about the pent-house studio — the sea weed, the stump, the muddy statue, the debris of all sorts from breaking and moss, that here was an indestructible something masquerading, for survival! under brokenness. Obscene as an eel. The Indians have

cursed this country, he said. Sand and feathers. I am sure they have put a curse on it. Painting, deciphering, reassembling, clarifying, packing, packing, packing the sphere within the cube, the cube within the sphere. Tchelitchew does not treat lightly the tenets of magic and necromancy.

There is nothing recondite in this, nothing -What is the word used by the hemiplegics? nothing esoteric! It is plain sense, like a tree. A seed is planted. Well, there it lies, in the ground. The ground is a man's life partaking of life as a whole. Tchelitchew saw a tree and made a sketch of it in England ten years ago. There it lies. Very childish, very naive. He says so himself. But it is a seed. Maybe it will grow, maybe it will die. In this case it grows. Five years later there is another sketch that has developed from the first. The seed did not rot. The tree is growing into a new area of the imagination. It was an old, gnarled tree to begin with. Now it is indulging in vagaries, it is getting new attributes that no other tree ever experienced. Children's faces, nine of them, are beginning to appear as outlines in the crotches between the trunk and the main branches. They have open mouths. The leaves, from the first red hands opening, through the extended full of the green maturity, to the mottled reds of winter approaching, assume their

Tchelitchew would not let us see the picture. Cache cache! It is a large square canvas of a tree with a dandelion seed-head, a luminous sphere, growing under it. The picture is to be shown to no one until after he, Tchelitchew, has left the country. It speaks and he does not want to be present when it says what it has to say. By that time he will be in the tropics. He showed us only the sketches he had made over several years, sketches slowly evolving into the thing, the organization, the composition on a flat surface, the seed that has developed, the shocking discovery it holds, the fulfillment it signalizes, the confession, the sweeping out, the purification of memory it represents, the nostalgia, the skills, the contempt, the humor, the despair, the translucence — summarizing poetry, flattening out superficial differences and resemblances - overfelt details, details that catch the eye as the thorns on a blackberry bush catch the hand and the sleeve as we reach for the fruit.



The tree has become monstrous. Only in the monstrous do we approach the moon, the sun and the stars! plant roots and the heart of a man. The imagination has horns and a tail, therefore we have created ourselves in that image. Tchelitchew has lifted the dry sphere of the dandelion seed-head also into the text of his picture. Monsters frequent the earth everywhere. Science is the accident and the accidental the true. Our very lives prove how we are bedevilled by the supernatural, we see it in everything especially in architecture. But if we run from these things we return to our childhood. Nobody can pre-determine the secret of this tree, the tree of the artist's life or growing out of the upturned end of his left great toe, what difference? The world is monstrous, only the monstrous can be true of it. Or the world is not monstrous, only the monstrous can truly reveal that fatal error. The foot is for the shoe as the shoe is for the foot. Paint!

Either the picture portrays the core of a man or it is not a picture. Place your emphasis where you have the ability to place it. I speak out of my recollection of what Tchelitchew said. He has strong and substantial opinions concerning the relative merits of French and Italian painting. He laughs! If they knew why Giotto painted as he did! He saw first, then he painted what he saw. He saw nothing the way they wanted him to see it. He saw as little boys see who paint their thrilling anatomical concepts on the insides of watercloset doors. Why did Giorgione . . . Why, why, why? You have to know those things. Seurat was completely unknown. He died at thirty-two and everything he attempted turned out to be a masterpiece. Why? He knew what he was doing. It

remains a secret, a realization of the miraculous on a flat surface, an effect of the light.

Some hands are silver, some of gold and a very few - very, very few! are like diamonds. But these are not of artists.

Good-bye Tchelitchew! be at home with your old friend to whom you can talk without the necessity of explanations. Walk barefoot in the sand to your heart's content. If you go broke, paper your walls with newspapers, upside down! V for victory. You are leaving us — this cold and damp New York that gives us stiff necks or dries the blood in summer with its baked concrete flame - forever! you say. You say you left Russia the same way, with nothing but a pocketful of pigments as your possessions. What you left there I don't know but you are leaving us, bespeaking your affection, this picture, a hidden treasure; so you mean it and so I accept it for the others. It is a great treasure to you and that is how you leave it. If no one wants to look at it, that's just too bad. It is your seed. You have signally honored our soil by wishing to plant it here.

This man is a monster, a very terrible monster. Cats have funny little faces, he says, but the faces of tigers are never funny. As soon as I have the opportunity I intend to look long and hard at the face of this, Tchelitchew's latest work. It is the labor of the last two years of his residence with us in New York. I know the monster revealed there will not be smiling. Cache cache. The gods are chasing the children along the edge of the sea below Positano, where the old priest in a gingham dress stands watching them from the cliff's edge.

Easter Day, 1942

## **View Listens**

#### SURREALISM AND THE MOMENT

February 25, 1942

Dear Ford:

By your persistence you are beginning to prove something. AND you're creating the impossible magazine of the arts no one could have dreamed. You know how many plans there are for making a new magazine. Everyone is trying. That is why they fail. You are not trying. That is why you succeed.

The exhausted world is like an exhausted individual. Take a mother who is closed in day in and day out with a diabolic child of her own creating. She goes mad. Every doctor who knows anything about his business when such a mother brings such a child to him at once faces her with the statement: You are the patient, not the infant. What the infant needs is a ten acre lot and a fat negress in the center of it in a reclining chair.

But to return to the mother. She is now a confirmed neurasthenic. She says, I try my best! That's the whole trouble. She tries. She tries this, she tries that. She tries to give the child the right diet, she tries to stop his masturbating habits, etc. The doctor's answer is, Don't try!

Don't try! Put the dinner on the table and let him know it's there. Ignore him, etc., etc. But the principal thing is, Don't try. Thus you have made a relaxed magazine, a normal, a healthy magazine: by not trying. To me (though I do not claim it to be a profound opinion) Surrealism is just that: Don't try. An incentive to creation.

Only in the unknown lies the inevitable. To me Surrealism is to disclose without trying. Only thus shall we get a healthy literature. If we try to stop bad habits, perversions, amputations, falsehoods—we shall get only high pathology, the organs on an enameled dish. . I play too much, I talk too much. I am probably right.

Brilliant articles cry out to be written. Why bother? No one would read them. The thing is, make the things that such world shaking deductions would imply and OMIT the deductions. There's a nice word, OMIT. It looks odd. Truncated. Rather close to VOMIT. It might save the world. Omit trying too hard, just enter and look about and do, etc., etc.

The thing seems to be that *View* might become anything; that is what I admire about it. It's not a party organ and has no more relation to SURREAL ISM than that has to the moment, and no less. When it becomes sold on some viewpoint and fixes itself there, you can have it.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

"A PIN-HOLE VIEW"

Wednesday (after reading View, 11-12)

Dear Charles Henri Ford,

I like View, more and more. Especially Parker Tyler's piece on the Chateau d'Argol, which I will

have to read several times, and Leonora Carrington's story.

If View grows bigger I hope you will keep the same format - it is just right. The title (and contents) always suggest to my mind a pin-hole view through a black curtain. I would keep it thus. Reminds me of those stories of Tibetan sages, saints and seers, who, after months of confinement in a dark cell, make a tiny pin-hole in the wall to let in the faintest stream of light. Why don't you reserve a permanent page for Death, for Mystery, for Magic, etc.? Why don't you devote a whole issue to Paracelsus, to Nostradamus, to Pythagoras, et alia? Why not give Parker Tyler a rovrythagoras, et anar why not give Farker Tyler a roving commission to write about anything and everything, from twigs to nebular gases? Why not give
reviews of books nobody reads? Long, exhaustive
studies. Why not give reviews of mythical films which
never appeared, but which might have, or ought
have? Why not some writings from the insane, tographer with corresponding the second with the second in t gether with some scientific hocuspocus by the medicos? Why not publish certain things in the original—German or French or Spanish? Why not give descriptions of the world after the war, as imagined by the various political fanatics? Why not ask for "recipes" of annihilating weapons, poisons, gases - suggestions for total annihilation of the enemy? What books would you recommend for reading during a bombard-ment? Do you believe that children should continue to be educated in war time - or should they be put to useful employment? Do we need money any more, and if so, why? Should Congress be disbanded or incarcerated? Should men and women fight together or in separate groups? Should we evacuate our big cities before or after bombardment? Should we carry on as usual, or should we turn everything upside down and make Death king? How would you go about it if war were the sole reality?

Don't give us any bigger View for the moment. Anything bigger than a pin-hole in the curtain of darkness might bring a light which would blind us. I would suggest that some one commit hari-kari in an orange spotlight — for the next number.

HENRY MILLER

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#### "THE POLITICS OF SPIRIT"

Feb. 26, 1942

Editor, View,

Abel's "The Politics of Spirit" [View, Vol. I, Nos. 11-12] is very spirited. It's also remarkable in contemporary political writing in actually having an original idea. And, on the whole, a sensible one. It explains, for instance, how it is that practically all observers agree that the German people show no enthusiasm for the war, that they are increasingly morose, sullen, irritable, apathetic even to the greatest military triumphs of "their" army — and yet this army seems to be surviving even the ghastly Russian experience with morale basically intact.

It's hard for me to see, though, how Abel can make so many sensible and shrewd observations when his method seems radically at fault. He attributes to the masses his own (relatively) advanced and realistic consciousness. Thus he explains low morale in states where the apparatus of compulsion has not successfully crushed the spirit, this he attributes to the fact that to the uncoerced citizen the state is not attractive because it is "the guardian of inequality,' the protector of the privileged few against the unprivileged many. This is, of course, an accurate description of the state; but if the great mass of citizens agreed with Abel and myself on this point, our problem, as revolutionists, would be much simpler. In fact, there wouldn't be a problem at all.

This misconception causes Abel to underestimate the role that positive illusions play in morale. If Hitler had only disciplined, repressed, murdered the free spirit, his regime would be much easier to understand and cope with. But he's done this alongside of, and in fact by means of offering a specious but alluring positive "program," which plays somewhat the role to the German masses that washing the hands every ten minutes does to certain individual neurotics. (Erich Fromm's new book, Escape from Freedom, shows this well.)

This confusion between his own consciousness and that of the popular masses also leads Abel to make the twenty million Red Army soldiers into conscious Trotskyist world-revolutionaries, fighting to overthrow the Stalin regime by spreading the Soviet power throughout Europe. Since I don't agree with Abel (and Trotsky) that the present Soviet state is a "degenerated workers' state," since I think it is analogous economically and socially to the Nazi state, I don't think that a Stalinist conquest of Europe would result either in socialism or in the overthrow of Stalin. But even if I did, I wouldn't attribute my own consciousness to the Red Army en masse. It seems to me Abel's remarks on Hitler's success with morale are equally applicable to that other spirit-flattener, Stalin. And that, much as I hate to admit it, the Hon. Joseph E. Davies is more correct here than your writer (not as to the direct beneficial effects of the purges, of course, but as to the wonderfully deadening effect the Trials had on the spirit of the Soviet masses).

Finally, it's surprising even in a publication whose function is to amaze, to come across a statement like: "A state form is necessary to destroy the state. Human spirit has solved this difficulty by inventing a state form that will wither away." Lenin was able to draw the blueprints of this invention in State and Revolution, but he was unable to construct a working model. The patent is still open.

Sincerely,

DWIGHT MACDONALD,

Editor, Partisan Review

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#### OPEN LETTER TO J. C. RANSOM

Sir: Philip Rahv, in his review of New Directions 1941 in your Spring 1942 number of Kenyon Review refers to writers who "plume themselves on their advanced status when actually they have long been immobilized," and becomes more specific: "Surrealism... has virtually exhausted its literary credit." Mr. Rahv does not surprise by culling expressions from the technical works and information bulletins out of which journalists make their living, but "immobilized" is one of the unhappiest boomerangs he could have chosen from the varied assortment at his fingertips. A movement which was mobilized in a much more organic sense than Surrealism, and which received all

Mr. Rahv's literary credit, was Stalinist-Leninist Marxism. Booming in 1934 with Mr. Rahv and colleagues at its head, it reached immobility about two years later on interference from Moscow. Rahv and Co. de-mobilized it till they could remobilize it in 1937 under the banner of (I quote their own editorial statement) "literary editorship at once exacting and adventurous which characterized the magazines of esthetic revolt." (My italics.) Apparently even this slogan has become Dwight Macdonald's old hat. Evidently Rahv and Co. had developed a complex about literary mobilizations and longevity of their credit - or maybe it was that they never had anything permanent to put on paper. Mr. Rahv has no community with the spokesmen for other movements, nor any history as their critic when it would have been "timely" to criticize them. He has no means of showing the immobilization of Surrealism nor whether or not it may have been dialectically transformed while he was getting review copies from The Nation. He has abandoned every Marxist critical belief he swore to in such a vibrant voice. If the classconscious literature he proclaimed in 1934 is still alive, he is hiding its light under camouflage communiques. Now he is a literary camp follower, a creator of catchwords for college boys, a hat doffer to current intel-lectual fashions such as Kafka. Indeed, he himself has been so thoroughly immobilized in relation to the "social" literature he still professes vaguely to admire that we are forced to include him among the victims of that curious 20th century disease, literary sclerosis of the Stalin gland, with ganGreenberg complications.

PARKER TYLER

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#### RE "MINOTAURE"

Dear Sir,

In rereading the admittedly very interesting article of Mr. Robert Melville in *View* of February-March it occurred to me that it might perhaps be worthwhile to make clear to your readers the circumstances which lead to the launching of the review *Minotaure*.

This is how it was: Tériade, Roger Vitrac, Jacques Baron, Georges Bataille and I met at Vitrac's place, rue de Seine, to discuss the character and title of the future review. Vitrac and Baron proposed L'Age d'Or, which was the title of the film by Bunuel and Dali which had made such a sensation; Bataille and I, who were then concerned with the most mysterious of the Greek and Iranian mythologies, proposed Minotaure. This was accepted. It was also decided to ask Pablo Picasso to design a cover for the first number. Hence the entirely fortuitous choice of a title for the review resulted first of all in Picasso's making a drawing of this mythical figure for the cover of the first number of the review, as well as several washes and eaux-fortes. Since then this great artist has acquired a taste for the Cretan monster, for which we congratulate ourselves.

For my part I had worked since the winter of 1932 on sketches for a series of engravings; "Sacrifices" in which "The Coupling of the Minotaure and the Virgin" held a central place (the album did not find an editor until 1936, but the studies were shown in the spring of 1933 at the gallery of Jeanne Bucher with my model for the ballet, "Les Presages").

All the above testifies to my desire for exactness. No recriminations on my part, but: "some respect for future scholars". . . and also for those still alive who will always prefer the most simple facts to the most brilliant interpretations.

Cordially yours,

ANDRE MASSON

New Preston, Conn. April 5, 1942

### ONCE THE SOFT SILKEN DAMAGE DONE



"After subletting his glorious wooden cottage . . . "

### by Mantagu O'Reilly

The limited was passing Fort Wayne, but Paulus Wander, the Molinian merchant, was impatient.

Much as Wander, on this visit to New York, would have preferred the gorgeous solitude of his private car Aquila Molinae, he had, with superb courage, denied himself this season that indulgence. The Moline emporium owner, then as always, was supremely conscious of the obligation to honor his engagements. And, as he was critically concerned in grain operations, he cancelled his usual elevating extravagancies. After subletting his glorious wooden cottage at Lake Geneva, after leasing his extremely elegant and transatlantic steam yacht, "The Wanderer," the millionaire had returned Aquila Molinae to the shops at Aliquippa for the duration of his anxiety.

At the beginning of this journey, however, stare though he did from the windows of the Wagner palace car at the morbid manufacturing centers of Indiana, Wander was vexed. As a public passenger on a public train, he surrendered himself all too easily to his longing for the depraving luxury of the "Aquila," and bethought himself all too frequently of its richly carved mahogany interiors, of its fine, gilded pier glasses and of its ravishing blue velvet upholstery, fashioned from discarded manteaux de

cour of the Empress Eugénie. Only gradually, as he began to adjust his vision to the vulgar harmonies about him, did he relax into a delicious anticipation.

The Molinian was traveling eastward to oblige none other than Mr. and Mrs. Honorius Anger who had requested the pleasure of his company at that Bal Masqué with which they planned to open their new and noble home by Wahnsinn. The fête, Wander reflected, promised to be the most brilliant and picturesque yet given in America. The toilettes were sure to be sublime, the flowers luxuriant and the music troubling. Young Anger, whose fortune, derived from flourishing, Silesian zinc properties, allowed any idiosincrasy, had publicly sworn to extinguish the fame of that exotic souper, costing \$47,000, which led to the withdrawal from formal society of the late Harry Lavender.

Wander was, not unnaturally, flattered to be remembered by the House of Anger. Although he had visited many of the costlier châteaux of the Fifth and Prairie Avenues, he had yet to penetrate an Anger palace. True, in the previous decade he had sold the second Carlos Anger two dozen Waldtraum pianofortes for the use of his personal, dumb pianists, but he had discussed nothing but commercial subjects with Honorius' relative. The Molinian rightly considered that he owed the invitation to his friend Ward McAllister: that dandy had always insisted that Paulus Wander was properly of the *Jeunesse Dorée* of Gotham.

Now, as the train neared Ohio, Wander peopled the palace car with the magnificent who were to congest the Anger ballroom. His spirit soothed, he bore with the ordeal of a berth.

And, by the time the limited violated the peace of Bucyrus, the merchant was imagining his own entrance into the Angers' French château. His disguise would surely plume the evening, for it had been selected by McAllister. That old exquisite, upon discovering in Manhattan the very costume which Alfred d'Orsay once wore to the Tuileries, forwarded it immediately to Moline, reminding Wander that since the son of the late Duc de Morny was also attending the Anger redoute, the dinner jacket of d'Orsay would be a sympathetic souvenir. It was, of course, un

necessary to inform the Molinian that d'Orsay had protected Louis-Napoléon in London at a time when The Nephew lacked both the comfort of an Empire and the counsel of a De Morny. Paulus Wander's first fortune had been amassed at Cannes. There, and at Deauville he had heard generals whisper of the affaires de luxe d'Orsay and Lady Blessington offered to Bonaparte on Seamore Place.

Once in New York, Wander could not scurry to the fête. In the hotel he carefully completed his toilet, then lingered over light refreshments at Pinard's. Accordingly, it was not until eleven o'clock that his carriage forced its way past the thousands of inquisitive loungers who irritated that evening the metropolitan police. Such curious delayed many impatient maskers.

Wander's gorgeous band had already announced the opening bars of the eccentric, Eye-Lash Quadrille when Paulus Wander excused himself to Mrs. Honorius Anger. That handsome woman, costumed as a Burgundian Princess of the XV Century, calmed with her coy fingers the numerous doves nestling about her waist. She welcomed the Western millionaire and flattered his disguise. "A friend of Mr. McAllister's," she presented him to Mrs. Carlos Anger II.

Our Molinian was quickly inhaling the thousands of roses which Scham had strewn throughout the first story. That scurrilous, although inventive florist had obviously conspired to reflect on the long manes of the ladies an agonizing crimson, for he deployed in all the château but one variety of rosa, the brazen Baronne de Rothschild. Many a modest head of hair shimmered, then seethed. The while, impudent gas lamps intensified the luxurious glow conjured by the expensive flowers. The Eye-Lash Quadrille excited other guests, but Wander tarried by the influential roses.

"Miss Elenor Hammersley!" a domestic in the claret livery of the House of Anger was introducing a young woman. Wander turned, and was enervated by the new chevelure. Her mane, proving the demoniac conception of Scham, was growing warm reflecting the Baronnes de Rothschild, — was indeed a very mirror worried by debilitating vibrations. She was dressed, Wander inferred from her odd toilette, in the mode of fifty years before in England.

The instant Miss Hammersley gained the drawing room, Wander followed. There a dozen of the Anger manservants were serving supper to guests neglecting the continuing quadrille. Tactfully, the Western millionaire offered to fetch a plate of terrapin. She nodded refusal. Had the capitalist been audacious? The nod was mechanical, not vivacious. She stared ahead at the ball-room floor where Mrs. Carlos Anger and her set were completing the Eve-Lash routine. None other than the outstanding conductor Wunder had invented the fantastic dance steps which those women, mounted on stilts, danced. In the center, the hat of a very young girl represented the pupil of the human eye, while each spouse stepping round her was clad in an enormous lash.

The Bavarian succeeded the Eye-Lash Quadrille, and Wunder played on. Finally the band announced a waltz, noble and sentimental. Wander begged for the honor; Miss Hammersley, with another nod, assented, and the two dancers swept onto the parquet ballroom floor. To his full delight, our Molinian was almost instantly paralyzed by his partner. For, as he seized her waist, her frame surrendered, gently. And, encouraged by the almost abominable music of the waltz, the emporium owner circled again and again the parquet. At last a clarinet cadenza ended that dance group, and the couple strolled toward the billiard room of an older Anger.

Paulus Wander had not chosen to interrupt the orchestra with conversation, but now, as he led the young woman to a divan near a Waldtraum pianoforte,\* he remembered that she was drawed of the same poriod and nation as he

dressed of the same period and nation as he.

"I have come," she told him, "as Lady Blessington."

Wander told the story of his costume.

"Ci amiamo da cinquanta anni," she said in an Italian which corrupted, then maddened the Western millionaire.

"You will excuse me," she hoped, "if I refresh my chevelure?"

She then loosened the entire mane: her warm hair tumbled over her naked shoulders.

"Do shoulders weep?" Wander wondered. For the heated coiffure violently perspired: tears flowed from the girl's arms to the sofa.

The few strands that had fallen over her throbbing throat now dampened her very bust. She could not compromise an evening gown by Worth. Rather, she leaned back to the Waldtraum behind the divan. Suddenly, she raised her arms to plunge the whole mane into the ice cold piano.

The sounding board murmured, the locks were deadening the strings.

But the young girl was relieved: the basin had cooled her passionate chevelure.

Already undone by the palpitation of the two alabaster treasures, Wander was no longer hesitating. It was then that some one tapped the Molinian's shoulder.

<sup>\*</sup> One of the two dozen Waldtraums purchased by Carlos Anger II in 1872.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Wander, if I present my father, Count Capolavoro."

"Tanto piacere," grumbled a senile Italian with the intonation of a Milanese. "I regret that it is time that I reconduct my daughter to the Buckingham Hotel."

And the old man did not further excuse the young man. He seized her by the arm, and urged her down the stairs.

Wander rushed lovingly to the stairwell.

It was Ward McAllister who interrupted his impetuosity. At his side was the young Duc de Morny.

"You must," McAllister counselled the emporium owner, "proceed with circumspection. You could be taken for an original. However," he conceded, "Capolavoro is the finest ventriloquist in Italy."

"Ventriloquist?"

"You are not acquainted," the Duc asked, "with the singular malady of that nobleman?"

"I have known careful fathers," Wander proffered, "in Paris and Moline."

"But surely, in Moline there are no femmes-chevelures?"

The Duc led Wander away from the Anger domestics. "Count Capolavoro," he explained, "is the victim of one of the extraordinary passions of this century. Mrs. Anger should be admired for permitting his eccentricity in a French château.

"During the last years of the reign of George IV, Giancarlo Capolavoro, a native of Milan, served as attaché to the Sicilian Legation in London. It was at Seamore Place, at a *fête* given by Lady Blessington and Alfred d'Orsay, that he met the young woman who was his ruin: Miss Elenor Hammersley. Capolavoro consumed himself with passion for that consumptive young girl. And no sooner had he slipped the marriage ring round her finger than she died of her complaint.

"She was splendidly interred at Leghorn.

"It is unfortunate that the mad passion of the young noble for the Englishwoman remembered after burial her delicious chevelure. For Capolavoro, his mind distorted, commanded from the workshops of Milan a young woman entirely made of human hair. Intricate clockwork controlled the movements of that sick fancy. And Capolavoro mastered ventriloquy and imitated with delight the voice of his dead bride.

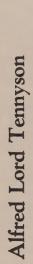
"From that day to this, he has insisted that Elenor Hammersley accompany him to all functions.

"That determination has damaged his fortune. He represented for a while at the Caserta the Banca delle Fontane, but when, in 1859, he exhibited his phenomenon at a court reception, the Queen of the Two Sicilies declined to receive the emissary of the strategic bank . . . "

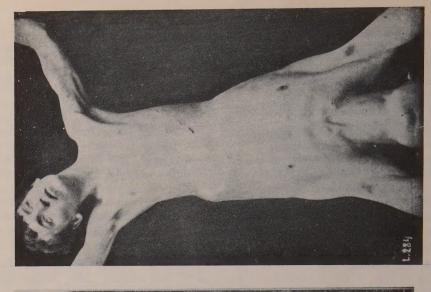
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Not daring to understand the horror of his disappointment, Paulus Wander stumbled through shabby avenues until dawn. At five minutes before six, however, he awakened a clerk in an office of the American Union Telegraph Company. The capitalist cabled of course for Aquila Molinae.

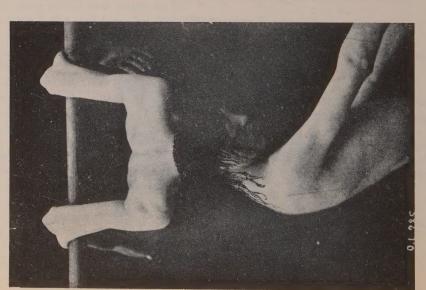




"DAY"







Photographed by Lewis Carroll